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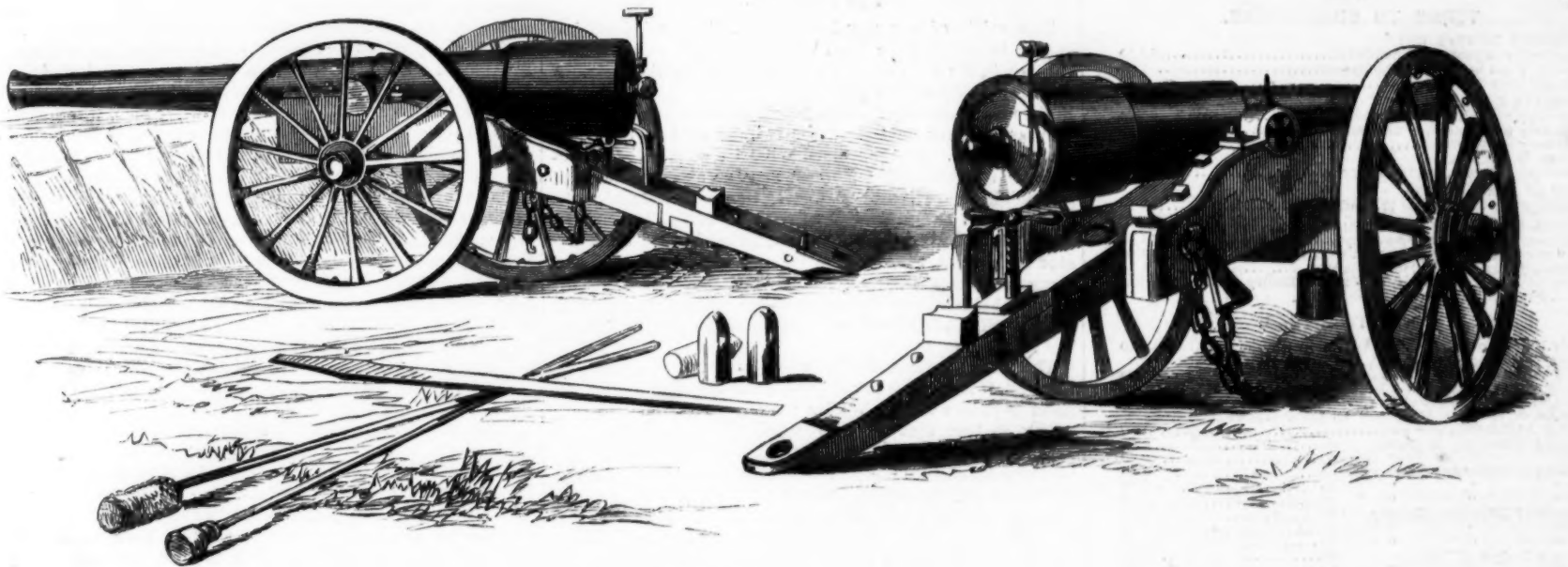
## NEWSPAPER

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No. 341—Vol. XIV.]

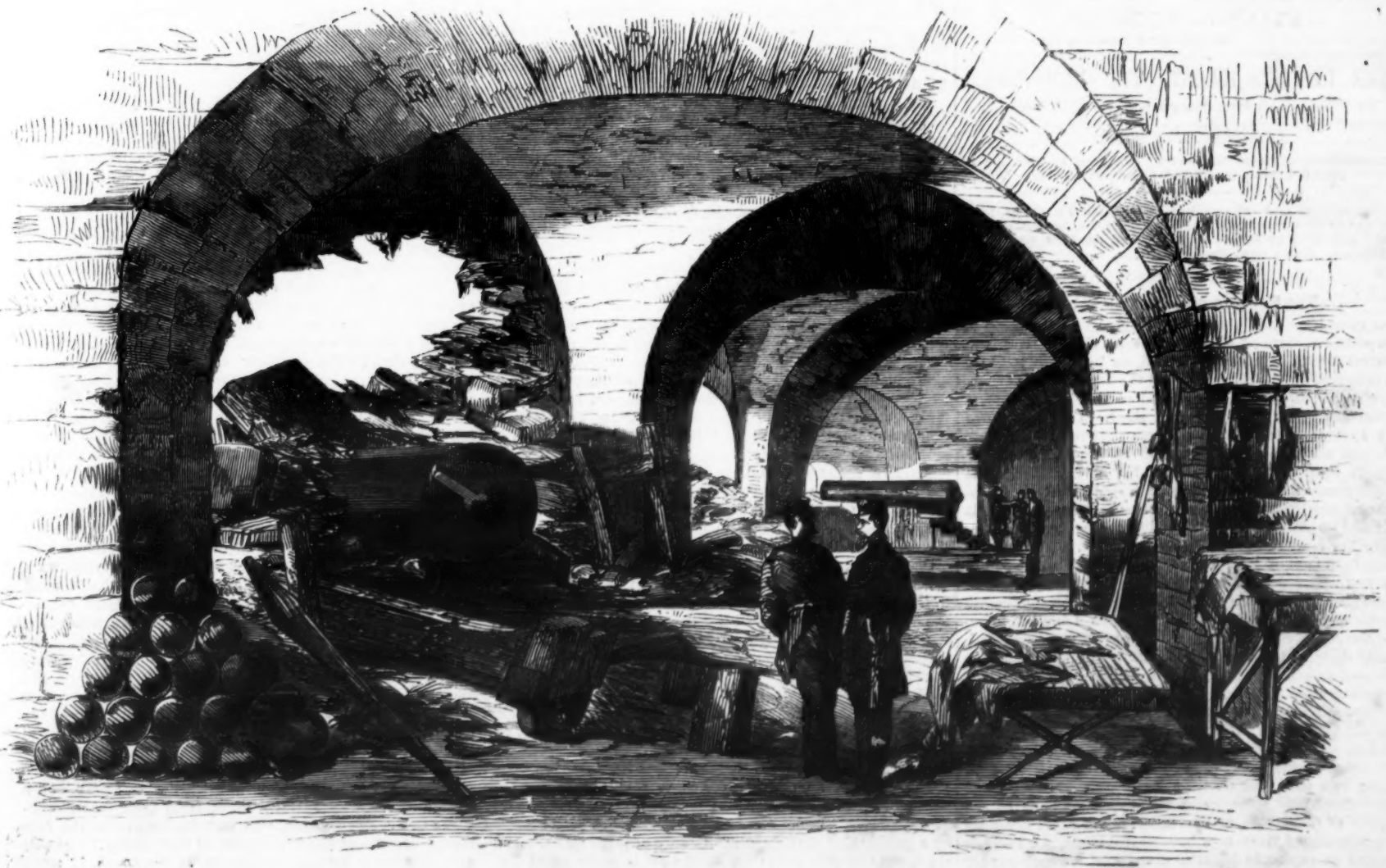
NEW YORK, MAY 10, 1862.

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NATIONAL ORDNANCE—THE PARROTT GUN, 30-POUNDER—SIDE AND REAR VIEW.—SEE PAGE 46.



CAPTURE OF FORT PULASKI—INTERIOR VIEW OF CASEMATE, SHOWING BREACH MADE BY THE NATIONAL BATTERIES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.—SEE PAGE 46.



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## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, MAY 10, 1862.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

Dealers supplied and subscriptions received for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, also FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861, by J. A. KNIGHT, 100 Fleet Street, London, England. Single copies always on sale.

## The Capture of New Orleans.

THE most important piece of intelligence of the week is the reported capture of New Orleans by the National land and naval forces. This event is said, on rebel authority, to have occurred on the 25th of April—the flotilla under Coms. Farragut and Porter having reduced or run past the forts near the mouth of the Mississippi river. The Petersburg (Va.) Express states that the rebels destroyed "all their cotton and steamboats, except such as were necessary to transport coin, ammunition, etc." No further particulars have yet reached us, but the fact is stated positively in the Richmond and Petersburg papers, where we may be sure it would find no place if it were possible to disguise the truth. It is further rendered probable from the circumstance that the bombardment of Fort Jackson commenced on the 23d of April, and was reported by the rebels as "terrific." One account (in the Norfolk Day Book) states that the "Federal gunboats had fired 25,000 shells, of which 1,000 had fallen in the fort." Of course these figures are vastly exaggerated, but they show that the fire on the fort must have been very heavy, and one which the rebels were not likely to endure for any long time.

We may, therefore, accept the capture of New Orleans as an accomplished fact. In its fall the rebels have lost their great commercial emporium and their greatest cotton port. Their army in the South-West becomes thereby shut in between two fires, cut off from its sources of supply, and unless relieved by some great victory, is reduced to the necessity of dispersion or surrender. The rebel defences on the Mississippi river now become valueless, for there is no longer an object in holding them, and we may expect soon to hear of the junction of the flotillas of Coms. Foote and Porter.

The effect of the capture on Beauregard's army at Corinth must prove exceedingly depressing, and should he fail to hold his position under the attack of Gen. Halleck, its loss will be irretrievably fatal to him and to the rebellion on the Gulf. His communication with the East has been cut off by Gen. Mitchell, and the only railway lines open to him are to Memphis on the West and Mobile on the South, without a defensible position or rallying point in either direction.

We have said that New Orleans is the great commercial emporium of the South, as well as its most populous city. Its population in 1860 was 174,488, of which 14,479 were slaves. The value of its exports for the same year were \$108,293,000, and of its imports \$22,920,000. The receipts from customs amounted to \$2,620,000. The export of cotton, for the same year, was 2,214,000 bales, about half the entire product of the South—the grand aggregate being 4,650,000 bales.

New Orleans is essentially a Union city, and at the commencement of the Secession movement warmly opposed it. The majority of its people, however, were overborne by an armed and violent minority, and it was claimed that it voted for the Secession ordinance, by a small majority. The submission of the question, however, was a farce—there being only about 7,000 votes cast out of the average aggregate of 12,000. This Union sentiment, though repressed, has nevertheless remained strong and threatening; and, if we are to believe the rebel papers, there has always existed a large number of Union Clubs, of which the members were sworn to do all in their power to restore the National authority. Should this prove to be the fact, we may look for the speedy reorganization of the city under the "old flag."

## The Situation.

THE crisis of the war has arrived. The rebel armies, beaten in detail, have been concentrated at two points—Corinth in the South-West, and Yorktown in the East. A few small bands of raw conscripts may exist at other points, in the neighborhood of the principal cities and seaports, but they are neither numerically or morally able to resist the National arms. All the trained and tried soldiers of the so-called "Southern Confederacy" may be assumed to be at the points above indicated, and at those points, under the leadership of Beauregard, Bragg, Polk and Van Dorn in the West, and of Davis himself, Lee, Magruder and Jo. Johnston in the East, the rebellion is preparing to make its final struggle for its imperilled existence. Beaten here, the whole rebel fabric must tumble to the ground, and the war be reduced to a brief and feeble guerilla struggle, purposeless and impotent.

The issue seems most likely to be tried first at Corinth, although it is difficult to see how it can be delayed at either point beyond a week. Within ten days, therefore, we may expect to hear that the two great, decisive battles of the war have been fought—battles on which hinge not only the integrity and future glory of our country, but the hopes and destiny of Republicanism throughout the world.

Every brow may well grow grave, and the most thoughtless trifler become serious, in view of the impending stern and bloody struggles; and although we do not and cannot doubt the complete success of the National arms, yet the possible alternative may well cause a shudder. A speedy and glorious peace, a restoration of the Union formed by our fathers, and a future of augmented strength and prosperity; or a long and weary war, a nation humiliated and the sport of foreign intervention, with an arrogant oligarchy, born of slavery, on our southern border—this is the future, the keys of which are held by McClellan at Yorktown, and Halleck at Corinth; this the problem which our sons, brothers and husbands are to solve on bloody battle-field!

Already the contest has begun in the West. Gen. Halleck, having sent his sick and wounded to the Ohio, and reorganized his forces, has advanced from Pittsburg Landing, the scene of the late bloody but indecisive National victory, to attack Beauregard in his last lair at Corinth. On the 24th of April he reached Pea Ridge, a point within six miles of Corinth, where he surprised and defeated the rebel advance. At latest accounts he was moving forward on the main rebel army.

Secondary to these principal operations have been the movements of Gen. Mitchell, who has occupied the line of the Richmond and Memphis Railway, from Chattanooga in Georgia to Tusculum in Alabama, and has probably joined Gen. Halleck, with a majority of his forces, before Corinth, where it is also probable Gen. Pope has marched his victorious columns. Effectually cut off from all communication with the East, it is presumed that Beauregard has been reinforced by the column of Van Dorn and Price, from Arkansas, swelling his force to something over 100,000 men. His position is a strong one by nature, and is reported to be elaborately fortified. That they will be attacked by assault, the history of our military operations in the West renders certain, and that they will be carried that same history renders equally certain. But it is useless to speculate on events, the results of which must so soon be known.

Com. Foote, at latest accounts, was still before Fort Wright, aiming, apparently, not so much at its reduction, as to hold back its garrison and land supports from going to the aid of Beauregard, with whose overthrow the rebel works on the Mississippi must fall without a blow.

Gen. Banks has driven the last of the rebels out of the Shenandoah Valley, and is in occupation of Staunton. The National gunboats have also cleared the Rappahannock beyond Fredericksburg, and it is safe to presume that Gen. McDowell's Division is moving past that place, direct on Richmond—a distance of 63 miles.

Before Yorktown, we are assured that everything has been "going on satisfactorily," ever since the needless and objectless sacrifice of one or two hundred brave Vermonters at Lee's Mills. We are told that Yorktown has been shelled by a gunboat, at the damaging distance of three miles. And the latest dispatch from Gen. McClellan is to the effect that a lunette earthwork on this side of Warwick river, defended by two rebel companies, but mounting no cannon, was taken

and destroyed by Company H of the 1st Massachusetts on the 26th of April, with a loss of three killed and 13 wounded.

We are told, for the 20th time, that the Merrimac is to come out into Hampton Roads "to-morrow." Whenever she does come, she will find there the new iron-clad steamer Galena, which will probably have a word to say in any exchange of compliments that may take place. The Monitor will not be left to "th' unequal fight" alone.

The news from the Gulf is most exciting and important, and, although from rebel sources, leaves little doubt of the capture of New Orleans, an event of greatest consequence, and on which we comment in another column.

## Who is Responsible?

THAT gross and criminal military neglect and incompetency nearly cost us the battle of Pittsburg Landing, and with it the fruits of the brilliant series of National victories, commencing at Mill Spring and ending at Island No. 10, is neither doubted nor denied. On Sunday, April 6th, the army of Gen. Grant was surprised—shamefully surprised and beaten—the gunboats on the Tennessee river alone saving it from utter rout and destruction. The opportune arrival of Gen. Buell on Monday retrieved the disaster of Sunday—barely retrieved it—at an expense of blood which the officers to whose incompetence the reverse was due may well hesitate to avow. The fearful sum of "casualties" still remains to be made public; but we know that in the 1st and 4th divisions alone the killed amount to 559, and the wounded to 2,784: a total greater than that of Bull Run!

But it is not our present purpose to enter into the details of this terrible fight. It is enough to know that the Mississippi Valley was saved—a result worth all the blood that was shed, more than a hundredfold. We have a right to require, however, that the National cause shall not again be put in such deadly peril, so needlessly and criminally as it was at Pittsburg Landing. We have a right to demand that the officers to whom that cause was entrusted shall be held to a thorough responsibility for their military sins, whether of omission or commission. Unless this be done, the confidence of our soldiers cannot be maintained, nor their efficiency relied on, at this the most critical period of our history.

To understand fully the gigantic negligence, blunders and ignorance which so nearly cost us the battle of Pittsburg Landing, we must remember that Gen. Grant had been sent up the Tennessee river to a point within 20 miles of Johnston's and Beauregard's chosen position at Corinth, where it was known they had concentrated all the rebel forces of the South-West. Gen. Grant's division, it was also well known, numbered only about 40,000 men—less than half that of his enemy—and, of course, incapable of meeting it in the open field with equal chances of success. Marching overland from Nashville, to the support of Gen. Grant, was Gen. Buell's column of 40,000 men. Until a junction of these two divisions should be effected, no aggressive action against the rebels could be taken. For two weeks Gen. Grant waited for Gen. Buell to arrive, and for two weeks he was momentarily exposed to be attacked by an overwhelming force. His position was one of extreme peril—a peril so obvious that the whole country was held in breathless suspense, while the telegraph announced day by day the slow advance of Buell and the delays of Maj.-Gen. Halleck, the only officer in whom confidence was reposed as equal to the pending emergency. Gen. Halleck, it was said, would soon take the field, but still he lingered in St. Louis.

Every eye was fixed on the army before Corinth with an anxiety which few cared to confess, and yet with a belief that its officers, conscious of their exposure and danger, would exercise commensurate vigilance, and omit no precaution to guard against surprise and defeat. All believed that their scouts and pickets were sleepless and omnipresent, and that the slightest movement of the rebels would be known and provided against. The instincts of self-preservation, it was believed, would insure thus much at their hands, to say nothing of the duties and responsibilities devolved on them by the Nation.

And yet—can it be believed? can the blind and criminal neglect be conceived or credited?—the rebels were allowed to march a superior force to within a mile of the National lines on Saturday, to rest there for the night, within sight of the National camps, and within hearing of its drums, and to fall upon the advance division of the National army on the following morning, with a surprise so complete as to capture regiment on regiment, and camp on camp, before the men could seize on their arms or escape from their tents? Rebel prisoners report (we quote their language on the authority of the St. Louis Democrat), "that their army was drawn up in line of battle on Saturday night, within a few hundred yards of the National camps, and plainly saw the men going in and out of their tents. Their Generals would not let them build their camp fires for fear of discovery. But for the rain and terrible condition of the roads, and the delay in the arrival of some of their reinforcements, they would have made an attack on Saturday morning. They say they cannot understand why no scouts or pickets were out. They advanced into our camps without resistance, and in many cases slew or captured our soldiers in their tents."

These statements are fully corroborated by abundant testimony on our own side. The Pittsburg correspondent of the World tells us that on the Wednesday, Thursday and Friday preceding the battle, a body of rebel cavalry were spectators of all that was done in the National camps, and that the review of the army of Gen. Grant took place within five miles of the entire rebel force. On the morning of the attack, the National pickets were only half a mile out, and when they came in, the rebel army was at their heels, literally overwhelming Gen. Prentiss's division, "which consisted of about 4,000 men, a portion of whom were asleep, and a portion at breakfast! They burst from their tents," continues this correspondent, "to find themselves in the face of an avalanche of armed men, and at their mercy." At this time Gen. Grant himself was asleep, at Savannah, 12 miles distant! Never before, in the annals of war, was there a surprise more complete—certainly never one against which



so little precaution had been taken! After the first shock was over, it is true, our men fought with desperate energy, for a long and weary day, against vast odds, and were able, with the aid of the gunboats, to keep the rebels in check until reinforcements came up and drove back the flushed and exultant enemy. But their devotion and heroic obstinacy no way extenuates their criminality, or relieves their leaders from the awful responsibility of their neglect. How far an investigation of all the facts shall relieve Gen. Grant from the responsibility of the surprise, by dividing it with his subordinate officers, remains to be seen. But as the case stands, the Government owes it to the army and the country to suspend him from command, order a prompt inquiry into his conduct, and, if the facts be as represented, send him to a swift and exemplary execution. Military blunders like these are crimes of gigantic magnitude, for which the blood of those who commit them is a poor but the only atonement.

But if Gen. Grant was careless, negligent and criminal, so too was Gen. Buell slow, inefficient and criminal. He knew, if he knew anything, of the critical position of Gen. Grant's division—a river in his rear, and an overpowering active enemy in front. Yet he dawdled through Tennessee, making but 86 miles in six days, and if Johnston's and Beauregard's plans had not been providentially frustrated, he would have reached the Tennessee river three days after Grant's army had been cut up and destroyed—or, rather, he would never have reached the river at all, for it is pre-umable that he too would have been attacked and overwhelmed in turn by the victorious rebels. If men are justified in claiming direct divine interposition in the events of war, we may claim that God thwarted the schemes of the enemy, obstructed his path, and disconcerted his plans, so that the attack meditated on Thursday was delayed until Sunday, and until the tardy Buell had nearly effected his junction with Grant—precisely the result which the rebel attack was designed to anticipate and prevent.

As the case stands, Gen. Buell rests under a fearful responsibility, from which an investigation may relieve him, or which may consign him to permanent disgrace and ignominy.

Nor can Gen. Halleck be held guiltless in this affair. As the Commander-in-Chief of the department where events of such magnitude were going on, and where every day was big with momentous consequences, it was his plain duty to have been in the very centre of operations. He should have trusted nothing to subordinates in a crisis like that which every one knew impended at Pittsburg Landing. We have sufficient faith in his military knowledge and caution, to believe that no surprise would have been possible with him at the head of the army. We are sure that an army of 100,000 men could not have been concentrated within four or five miles of his position, and have remained there for days, without his knowledge. We are confident that Buell would not have been permitted to saunter leisurely through Tennessee, when his presence was of such vital importance at Pittsburg Landing.

It may be said that criticisms like these come too late, and that by weakening faith in our Generals they impair the cause of the country. We think otherwise. "If thy member offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee." We doubt not the bravery or patriotism of Gen. Grant; we may perhaps be sceptical as to the earnestness of a man who, like Gen. Buell, "doesn't know what the war is about," although no one has ever questioned his bravery in the field; we do not suppose, for a moment, that either of these officers are traitors or abettors of treason; yet we doubt if either are capable to-day of giving confidence to their soldiers, or of inspiring them with that kind of spirit essential to success. Gen. Halleck, we hope, will follow up the undecided victory of the 7th of April by a final blow at the rebellion in the South-West; but it will be struck in spite of, and in face of the discouragement and distrusts created by the negligence, the blunders and the oversights of the officers who preceded him in command, and who, until vindicated by facts and circumstances now unknown, can never again command the confidence of the army or the country. The 5,000 dead and wounded of the battle of Pittsburg Landing are their accusers before God and man!

#### San Salvador.

Of all the States of Central America that of San Salvador has ever been the most enlightened and progressive, as well as in proportion to its population, the richest and most industrious. Although having but about half of the number of inhabitants with Guatemala, its commerce is greater. Its people and government have always been ardent admirers of the United States, and sympathisers with its policy. As long ago as 1823 it declared itself annexed to this country, and made application for admission into the Union. Various reasons prevented the United States from acceding to the proposition; but the feeling which induced it has ever remained strong and vigorous.

One peculiar and demonstrative feature in the policy of San Salvador has been its steady opposition to all the reactionary, oligarchical and monarchical schemes of which Guatemala has been the centre and hotbed. When the latter State endeavored to force Central America under the ephemeral monarchy of Iturbide in Mexico, San Salvador not only opposed the attempt, but drove back the combined Mexican and Guatemalan army. When Santa Anna sent his emissaries to the Central American States, with the view of bringing them into league against the United States under a protectorate from Spain—the first step towards the re-establishment of Spanish authority—San Salvador not only repelled the proposition, but ordered Santa Anna's emissary from the State. And now, when a similar attempt is making under the auspices of France, Spain and England, we feel sure that San Salvador will be found faithful to her antecedents, and hostile to every attempt to extend on this continent the effete political systems of the Old World.

The actual President of San Salvador, Gen. Barrios, is a man of great liberality in principle and in policy, who has been

for 20 years an active participant in the public affairs of his country, and joins to an intimate knowledge of its wants a personal knowledge of other countries and their institutions. He is also a man of force and decision, and has carried San Salvador to a pitch of prosperity unexcelled by that of any Spanish-American State. His latest act has been to send to this country a Special Envoy, a gentleman of high character and position, Señor Don Lorenzo Montufar. His mission, it may be surmised, has some relation to the extreme peril in which the Spanish-American Republics have been placed by the Unholy Alliance now operating in Mexico, an alliance formed with the sole purpose of taking advantage of our complications to crush out the form as well as the spirit of Republicanism in America, and make this continent the heritage, and its people the vassals, of the hateful and baneful dynasties of Europe. This wicked rebellion is in no respect more wicked than in the opportunity which it affords for these sinister schemes against the liberties of mankind and against free institutions. But they will fail with the rebellion: yet, if they do not, of one thing we may be certain, the cordial sympathy and the aid, so far as it may go, of San Salvador in repelling the despotic principle, and defeating its attempt to dominate this continent.

The Washington *Intelligencer* announces the reception of Señor Montufar as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of San Salvador, in Washington, and gives his address on the occasion, with the reply of the President, as follows:

Sir—The President of the Republic of Salvador has done me the favor to accredit me Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary near the Government of the United States, as proven by the autograph letter which I have the honor to place in your hands.

My Government orders me to manifest to you that it earnestly desires the peace, the prosperity and the glory of the United States, over which you so worthily preside.

The people of Salvador, progressive and eminently American, offer up their vows that the great people of the United States may ever prosper, and that the Republic founded by the immortal Washington may each day become more powerful, and manifest stronger sympathies with the people of the American continent, who profess their principles and love their institutions.

I am flattered by the hope that these sentiments will find a friendly reception, as well from you, sir, as from the people of the United States, and that every day Salvador will become bound by closer ties of friendship to this great Republic.

To which the President responded:

Mr. Montufar—At any time the arrival of a Minister from San Salvador would be an interesting event. It is peculiarly so now. Republicanism in this country is demonstrating its adaptation to the highest interests of society—the preservation of the State itself against the violence of faction. Elsewhere on the American continent it is struggling against the invasions of anarchy, which invites foreign intervention. Let the American States, therefore, draw closer together and animate and reassure each other, and thus prove to the world that, although we have inherited some of the errors of ancient systems, we are nevertheless capable of completing and establishing the new one we have chosen. On the result largely depends the progress, civilization and happiness of mankind.

#### To our Southern Subscribers.

OUR subscribers living in the Southern States where the mails were suspended by the United States Government, are hereby informed that we have preserved full files for all whose subscriptions were unexpired at that time, and will forward them to their original address, or elsewhere, on their application by letter or otherwise.

THE Philadelphia *Inquirer* has an article in defence of Gen. McClellan against attacks which no one ever saw or heard of, and feels called upon to explain why it is, that having once set out, he is not "On to Richmond!" It explains that

"The country below the mouth of York river, on the accurate maps of our engineers, is aptly marked 'Devil's Paradise.' Filled with swamps and what the French call shaking or trembling earth, abounding in pine thickets, and not abounding in good roads, the approaches to Yorktown are difficult, and all strategic points are thoroughly fortified, and to increase the obstacles of nature and art, the enemy have thrown dams across small streams, thus flooding the vicinity."

If the York peninsula road to Richmond be so bad and difficult, naturally and artificially, why under Heaven didn't Gen. McClellan take some other?

SIMON CAMERON.—A startling exposition of the mismanagement of the War Department under ex-Secretary Cameron and Assistant Secretary Scott is furnished by Executive document No. 67, recently printed by the House of Representatives. It appears by this, that these two functionaries were busily engaged during last summer and autumn making contracts for muskets and other small arms, until the aggregate of their operations summed up 1,976,340 muskets, rifles and carbines, 72,440 pistols, and 142,500 swords, for which they obligated the Treasury to pay the trifling amount of \$49,144,605. These arms were to be delivered, according to the convenience of the contractors, at almost any time along in the next two years, the delivery of hundreds of thousands of them being accommodatedly disposed over periods extending from July, 1862, to December, 1863! And now President Lincoln sends Mr. Cameron as Minister to Russia, instead of sending him as prisoner to Fort Lafayette!

THE loss of 25 Illinois regiments engaged in the battle of Pittsburg Landing was 602 killed, 2,968 wounded and 214 missing.

THE SHARPSHOOTERS.—Berdan's Sharpshooters are the terror of the rebels before Yorktown, completely silencing some of their most important batteries. If the rebels attempt to load or fire a gun, they are sure to fall before the unerring aim of the sharpshooters. The rifle used by Berdan's men is a very peculiar instrument. It is made with an increasing twist; it has a false muzzle—a contrivance which preserves the fine true edge of the real muzzle from wear in the act of loading; the barrel is of steel; the balls are made of compressed lead; and the weapon is fitted with a telescope of such power that at 400 yards it is possible to distinguish the color of a man's eyes. This rifle does execution at the distance of more than 1,000 yards, and Col. Berdan has in his regiment no man who cannot kill an enemy with at least two out of every three shots, at the distance of a quarter of a mile. A party of 30 such shots can pick off every man from a battery of light artillery in one minute, at a distance of nearly half a mile.

A NEW GUN.—A large number of the most eminent citizens of New-York, capitalists, bankers, merchants, steam-engine builders, and military men, have addressed a letter to the President, asking him to sanction an appropriation of \$5,000 to make one of Perkins's steam-guns of large size. The small guns, formerly made, were completely successful, and the recent improvements, in steam as well as in rifled guns, make it desirable that further experiments should be tried, and on a larger scale. It is proposed to use these guns, should they prove successful, for harbor-defence against iron-clad gunboats.

A NEPHEW of Pierre Soule, late Senator of the United States from Louisiana, and now Provost Marshal of New Orleans, was wounded and taken prisoner at Pittsburg Landing. He states that the night before the battle the rebel forces were sufficiently near our camp to understand ordinary conversation, and remained undisturbed till Gen. Bragg arrived with his forces and the attack was commenced.

GEN. SICKLES.—It will be remembered that the nomination of this gentleman as Brigadier-General of Volunteers was some time ago rejected by the Senate. No reason for this act of injustice was

ever assigned, and it can only be ascribed to a narrow prejudice or hostile influences of a personal nature. We are glad to see that the President has renominated Gen. Sickles, thus affording the Senate an opportunity of reconsidering its previous action. The renomination is made upon the recommendation of the Secretary of War, who states that the records of his office show Gen. Sickles to be an able officer. Certainly there is no man in America whose individual exertions in raising the National army were so successful as Gen. Sickles. His brigade is one of the finest in the service, and he commands the respect and confidence of his men to the highest degree. A Senate that can confirm the nomination of such an antique "muff" as Gov. Morgan, of this State, as Major-General—a man who doesn't know the stock of a musket from a ramrod—had better hesitate before outraging public sentiment by rejecting a man who, like Gen. Sickles, has done so much for the National cause.

THE BATTLE OF NEWBERNE.—A member of the New York 51st Volunteers writes to us from "Camp Reno," near Newberne, that "without desiring to deprive the 9th New Jersey Regiment of the credit of 'charging decisively' on the rebel breastworks to the left of the railway, I must be permitted to say, that whatever of credit attaches to that act belongs to the 51st New York and 21st Massachusetts, the 51st Pennsylvania and the 9th New Jersey acting as reserves. Lieut. Frank Tryon, spoken of as belonging to the last named regiment, is a member of the New York 51st, and received his wound while leading his men."

APRIL 19, 1861, AND APRIL 19, 1862.—On the 19th of April, of last year, the people have not forgotten how the loyal soldiers of Massachusetts, hastening to the defence of the National Capitol, were set upon by an infuriated mob in the streets of Baltimore, several of their number slain and many wounded, amidst cries of hatred and wild shouts of fury. We have not forgotten how treason closed the city to the passage of the National armies, how the railroads leading to it were destroyed, and how all that the leaders of the rebellion in Maryland could do was done to cut off the city of Washington and put it in possession of the Southern conspirators. A year has passed away, and in the same city of Baltimore, where the National banner was insulted and trampled under foot, we find the City Council recommending the citizens generally to display the "old flag" from the housetops and shipping, "as a manifestation of gratitude for their deliverance from the dangers which threatened on that day to destroy their city and State, on the occasion of the passage of troops through the city to protect the capital of the United States." We find also the Legislature of Maryland voting a sum of money for the relief of the families of the soldiers of Massachusetts killed and wounded in the city of Baltimore, on the 19th of April, 1861. Thus has the State of Maryland redeemed her honor.

JOHN BRIGHT.—Mr. Bright, the great English reformer and tried friend of America, lately received an address of thanks from the Chamber of Commerce of this city, for his vindication of our Government in its present struggle, to which he has replied in a letter dated April 4th, from which we take the following paragraph:

"I accept their most kind resolution, not only as honorable to myself, but as a manifestation of friendly feeling to the great majority of my countrymen, whose true sentiments I believe I have not mistaken or misrepresented when I have spoken on the side of your Government and people. I believe there is no other country in which men have been so free and so prosperous as in yours, and that there is no other political constitution now in existence in the preservation of which the human race is so deeply interested as in that under which you live. This is true beyond all doubt when applied to the Free States of your Union. I trust the time is not distant when it will be true over all your vast territory, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico."

SENATOR STARKE.—Senator Starke, of Oregon, is the successor of the gallant Baker, who fell at Ball's Bluff. His case has been up before the Senate, on his own motion, and the Committee, to which it was referred, have reported the following conclusions:

- 1st. That for many months prior to the 21st of November, 1861, and up to that time, Mr. Starke was an ardent advocate of the cause of the rebellious States.
- 2d. That after the formation of the Constitution of the Confederate States, he openly declared his admiration for it, and desired the absorption of the loyal States of the Union into the Southern Confederacy under that Constitution, as the only means of peace, and warmly avowing his sympathy with that cause.
- 3d. That the Senator from Oregon is disloyal to the Government of the United States.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY AND GAZETTE OF FASHION for May has arrived—the best family magazine we have. Its reading matter is always instructive as well as entertaining, its illustrations are fine, its fashions reliable, and its receipts, even, are valuable to every house-keeper. Its long chapter devoted to "What should be Worn and what should not," is also of interest to the fashionable world, no doubt, and alone is worth the price of the book to them. In addition to the usual illustrations, the next number (June) will contain the first of a series, entitled "Our Representative Women." The first portrait, exquisitely engraved on steel, will be that of Mrs. President Lincoln.—*Daily Wisconsin, Milwaukee.*

THE Southern papers, in order to explain why the Merrimac does nothing, have been compelled to admit that she is not quite so nearly invulnerable as they pretended. Speaking of the damage to the Merrimac in the fight with the Monitor, the Richmond *Dispatch* says: "In some places—from the heat and weight of the shot—the plates were welded together. In other places the plates were broken, but not broken through, and the damage was repaired by taking off the injured plates and putting on others. Her prow, which was made of cast-iron, was broken when she ran into the Cumberland, but she supplied herself with a better one."

PERIODICAL REVOLUTIONS.—M. Guérout, of the Paris *Opinion Nationale*, has undertaken to define the law of revolutions. "In France," he says, "since 1789, we have had regularly a revolution every fifteen or sixteen years—1789, 1800, 1815, 1830, 1848." Should the law continue to vindicate itself in the future, another revolution may be expected to occur in France within the next year or two—an event by no means improbable, and towards which many circumstances now point.

NEGRO PROPERTY-HOLDERS.—Mr. Kennedy, Superintendent of the Census, has published a letter, giving the value of property owned by the free colored population of the District of Columbia, as returned by the census of 1850, as follows: Real estate, \$612,040; personal property, \$146,894; total, \$758,934. The real estate is owned by 608 persons, averaging \$1,230 each. The real and personal property is owned by 1,175 persons, averaging \$646 each. The total free colored population in the District of Columbia is 11,131; the value of their property returned averages \$68 to each man, woman and child. The number of free colored males over 20 years of age is 2,487.

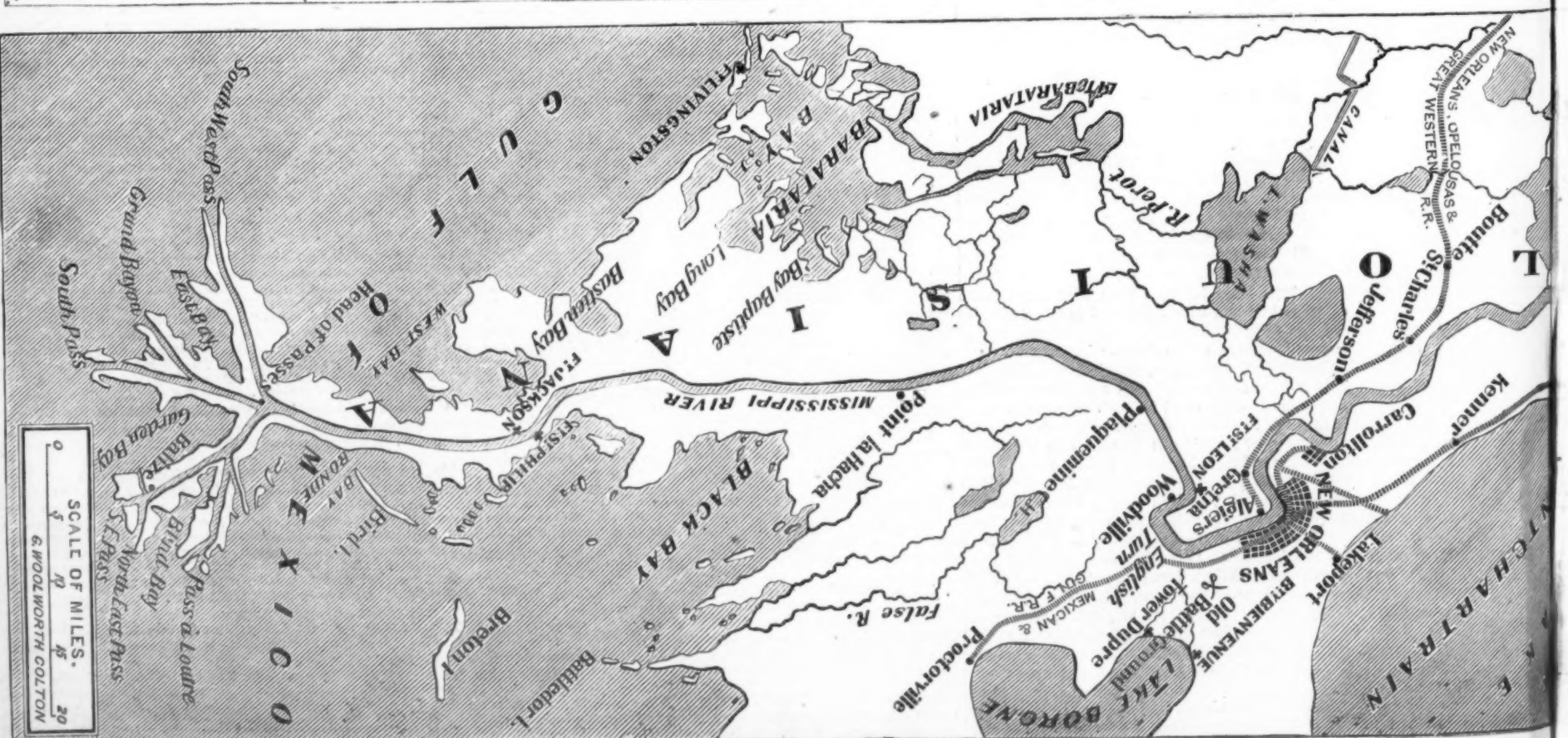
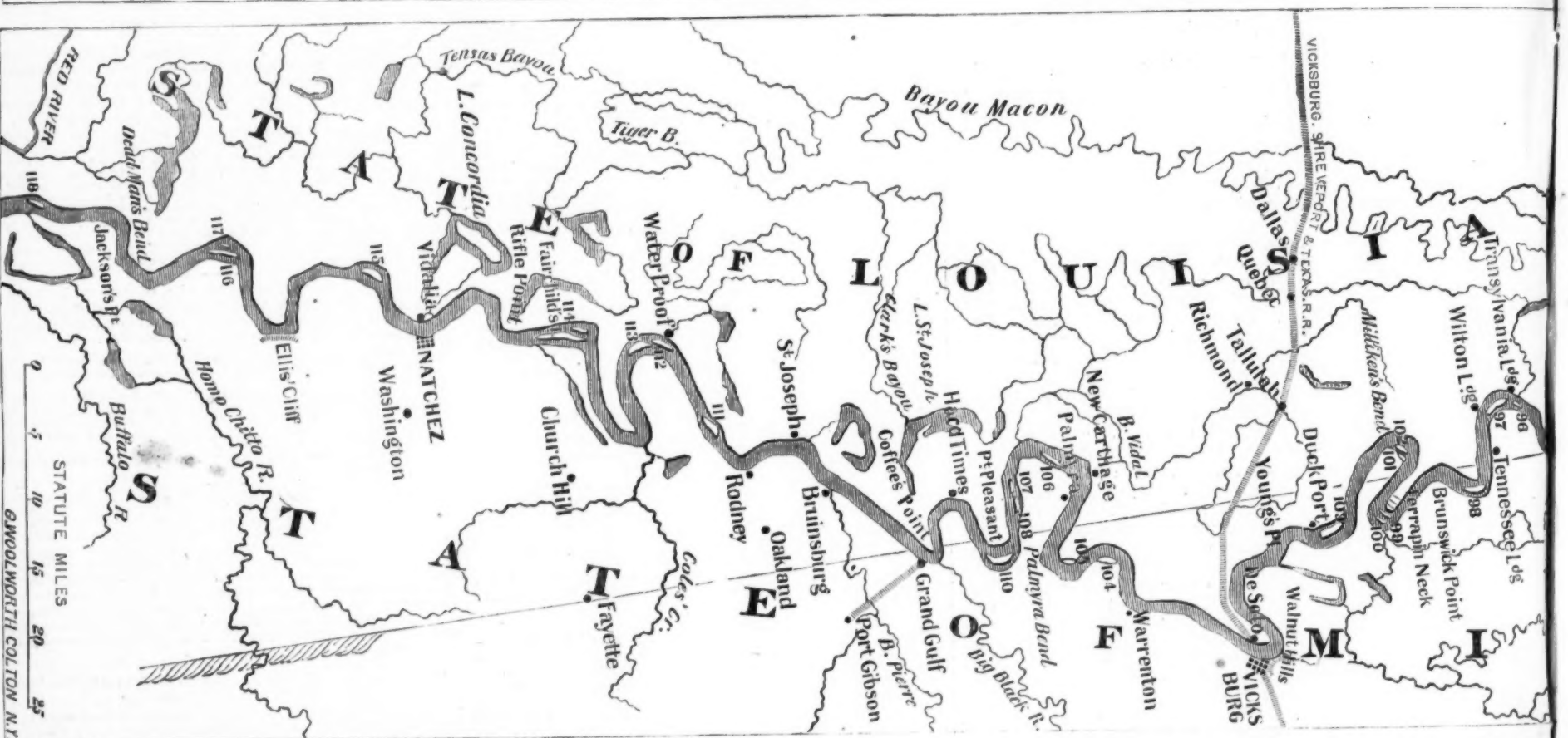
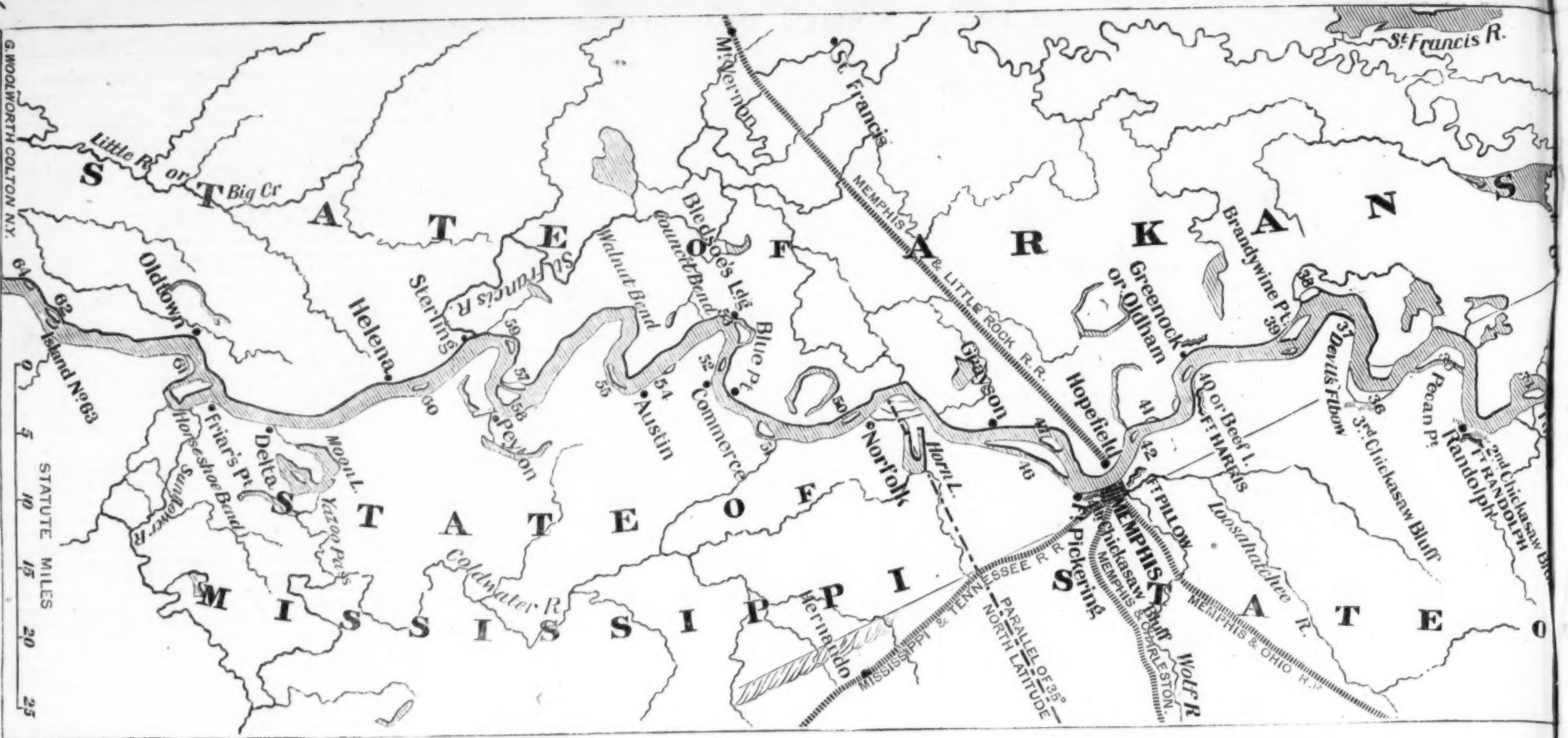
A NEW treaty has been negotiated between the United States and Great Britain, providing for the better suppression of the slave trade. It has been ratified by the Senate.

NO. 19 of FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR has just been received, and is really a fine work of art. The illustrations are very spirited, and occasionally one is of double-page size, making a magnificent picture of some great battle scene. The portraits of distinguished characters are from photographs, and are therefore correct likenesses of the persons they represent. After the war is over, these illustrations will be of permanent value and will serve to interest coming generations. This popular publication is issued semi-monthly, at 25 cents per number.—*Dundee (N. Y.) Record.*

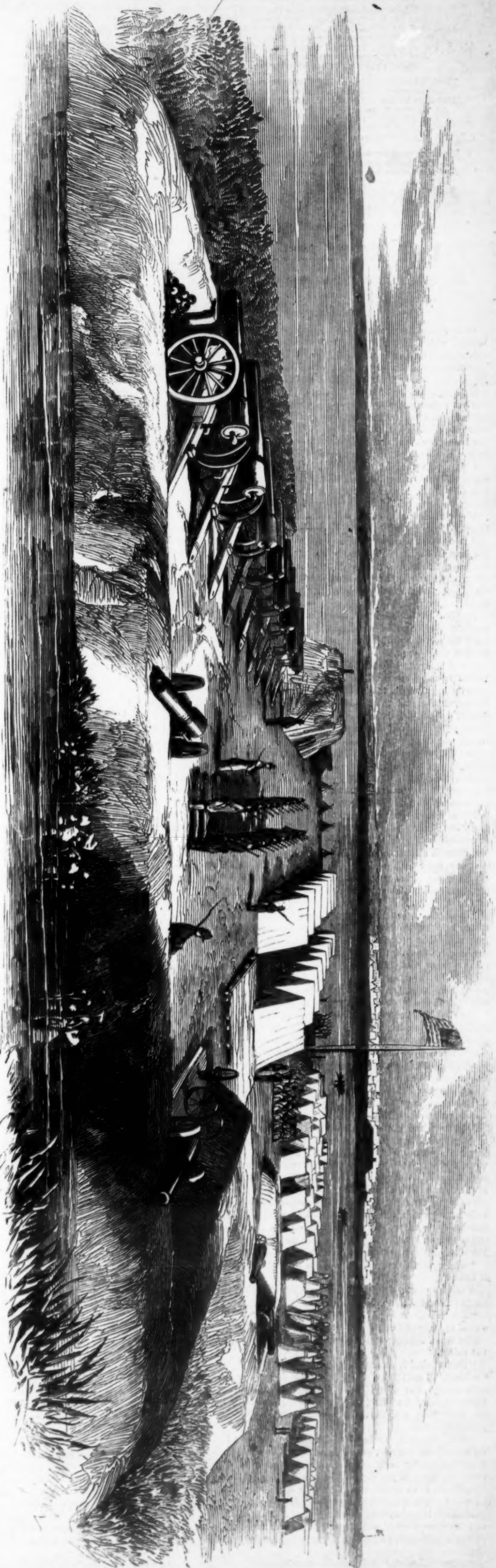
POPULATION OF THE CHEROKEE COUNTRY.—We have received the following statistics from the Indian Bureau. They are based on the census taken in 1860:

	Negroes.	Indians.
Cherokees.....	2,521	22,000
Creeks.....	1,928	13,550
Seminole.....	30	2,367
Choctaws.....	2,364	18,000
Chickasaw.....	890	5,000









THE WAR IN GEORGIA.—BATTERY HAMILTON, 11 GUNS, BEED ISLAND, SAVANNAH RIVER, ONE OF THE NATIONAL BATTERIES SERVING TO CUT OFF COMMUNICATION BETWEEN FORT PULASKI AND SAVANNAH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CHANE.—SEE PAGE 46.



Casemate.

Casemate.

Shells.

Magnific.

CAPTURE OF FORT PULASKI.—BATTERY LINCOLN, THREE ISLAND, MOUNTING 3 CASEMATED COLUMBIADS, DIRECTED TO REDUCE FORT PULASKI.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CHANE.—SEE PAGE 46.



## THE THREE FISHERMEN.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the West,  
Out into the West as the sun went down,  
Each thought of the woman who loved him best,  
And the children stood watching them out of the town.  
For men must work and women must weep,  
And there's little to earn and many to keep,  
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,  
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,  
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,  
As the rack it came rolling up rugged and brown.  
But men must work, and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,  
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay on the shiny sands  
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,  
And the women were watching and wringing their hands  
For those who will never come back to the town.  
But men must work, and women must weep,  
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,  
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

THE HALF-SISTERS.  
A Story of Metropolitan Life.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

OLD JOHN lingered five days, and then entered through the gate toward which all our footsteps are tending for ever. He died just at sunset, and half an hour before he died he became conscious, for the first time since his injury. It was a brief interval, but it sufficed. The doctor was present, and Mrs. Kedge, who had recovered, except a little lameness, and Mrs. Tom, and the little handmaiden. Nellie, not yet recovered, was present also; she had to be wheeled into the room in an armchair, she was so weak and faint. She did not weep when told that her father was dead; she uttered a single cry, and her face grew white and rigid. They had to give her restoratives before she seemed to comprehend what was passing.

I was told that he died quite easily, going out as calmly as the sunset which burned at the window. He committed some papers and directions to the doctor, and then folded his hands across his breast and tranquilly awaited the great change.

Word of his death came to Tom and I while we were seated at the tea-table, gloomy and alone. Chiswick came in a few minutes later, and it was not very long before the doctor's gig drove up to the door. He had brought Mrs. Tom home with him, and when she came in the poor, tired darling fell on Tom's breast and cried bitterly, and we all tried to soothe her without being very successful. She was a timid, gentle-hearted child, and the spectacle of death was new to her.

The doctor proposed that Chiswick and myself should go over and perform the office of watchers. We were to reach the house as early as nine, by which time the undertakers would have accomplished their work.

I had not yet informed Miss Volte of the accident; a lingering hope that old John might recover had kept me from it. I had frequently been upon the point of breaking the dreadful news to her, but uncertainty as to its effect upon her had restrained me. She might, I thought, in her passionate impetuosity invade again the house where the old man lay dying. I did not dare to risk a result which might be attended with such calamity.

But he was dead; the earth would close on him for ever before two more sunsets such as that which was burning its farewell upon the golden cross of Chrysostom; and when the doctor told me that Chiswick and myself were to watch with the dead, I resolved to see her and tell her all before going.

It was not an easy matter to see her without exciting remark or attention; but I hurried Chiswick away, and as we walked up the street told him that it was of the deepest consequence that I should see Miss Volte at once. I explained to him that it was important that my interview with her should be alone, and unsuspected by Madame de Brissac or the other teachers. Chiswick was stunned and confused by my eagerness, and experienced so copious an access of curiosity that his intelligence was all at sea for a few minutes, and he recommended a strictly confidential interview on the roof, which he thought might be reached in the most private and secluded manner. The eclipse passed from his faculties pretty soon, and at my urgent entreaty he ceased to ask me what it was all about and what was up, and what doose was it, and did I think it the handsomest thing to leave a feller out in the cold on a matter of that sort. I assured him that I could not tell him; that the secret was not mine, and that it was ungenerous of him to ask me more about it.

Finally, like the good honest fellow he was at heart, he stifled his curiosity, and began to plan. He hit upon a feasible scheme pretty soon. It was that he should see Mil, and get her to convey to Miss Volte a line from me; the line was to ask her to wait till the rest of the house were gathered at the tea-table, and then to meet me upon the balcony which looked upon the garden, and which, at that hour, was perfectly secluded. We stopped at a stationer's, and I wrote the message in pencil and folded it up into a compact little triangle, writing Miss Volte's name upon it.

Madame had gone out during the afternoon, and we arrived shortly before her return. Several of the teachers were in her room, in which the twilight was beginning to gather, one of them playing upon a guitar, the sound of which wandered out into the hall, meeting on its way the purr of the fountain, and fraternizing with it as if the two melodies were sisters telling each other of their loves. The servant ushered us into the drawing-room, wherein likewise the twin murmurs of the guitar and the fountain dwelt peacefully and musically together, and in a minute or two Mil came bounding into the room, and mistaking me for her brother—it was so dark—flung her white soft arms about my neck, and kissed me till my hand swam.

"Oh! come, I say, see here. That ain't the thing, you know. Is it Lulu?"

A slight scream from Mil, who proceeded with infinite embarrassment to correct the mistake.

"I didn't mean to, Alick, you know I didn't; and I am frightened out of my life and senses, indeed, indeed I am."

She wasn't. She was laughing to herself at the wonderful fun of the thing.

"Don't mind it on my account—pray don't. I didn't mind it in the least," I said in an awkward pause of embarrassment, and Chiswick climbs out of the well of consternation into which he had tumbled, laughs a little, and the general conclusion is that no harm has been done, and that the mistake was rather an amusing thing than otherwise.

"See here, Mil, darling," Chiswick says, after a little, "you are to do something for us; come here." He leads her to the window and I go wandering away down the great desert of drawing-room, in order to leave them alone. It is all arranged in a twinkling, and Mil flies up the stairs, and Chiswick comes and tells me that it is all right; that Mil is a thorough-bred, and so on.

Madame's great black coach rumbled up to the door at this moment, and Madame herself, accompanied by Miss Wemmidge, came in just as Miss Chiswick, having performed her errand, was descending the stair.

"Miss Chiswick," said Madame with awful severity, "you are warm and flustered, and your hair is disordered. Young ladies

should never be warm, and it is exceedingly ill-bred to be flustered. I say nothing about the impropriety of disordered hair, but—"

"It's Alick, aunts. He is here, and I ran down to see him—"

"Oh, it's Alexander, is it. Well, Alexander is no sort of excuse for your coming down-stairs like an antelope. Where is he?" And in a minute the grim old lady stalked into the drawing-room, followed by Mildred, while Miss Wemmidge went up the stair to lay aside her shawl and hat.

Chiswick communicated to his aunt intelligence of the service which Doctor Harris had required of us, and in obedience to a preconcerted arrangement between him and myself declined an invitation to stay to tea. He would stop a little and visit with Mil, if she pleased. And then we must go. So after a little further conversation, Madame went away to prepare for tea, leaving us in the drawing-room.

The bell tinkled presently, and the teachers, Madame at their head, went down the stairs. When the rustle of their dresses had subsided I walked out upon the balcony, making for Mildred's benefit a feeble and futile excuse of headache.

The marble dolphin was spouting water at a great rate, and it gurgled and laughed and purred, and sung as it fell in the fluted basin; and over against the west shone a single star, the first upon the forehead of the evening. I had stood leaning upon the railing listening to the water for only a few minutes, when the rustle of a dress announced that Miss Volte was coming. She stepped out upon the balcony and confronted me with her terrible eyes.

"What is it? Something dreadful, I know—don't be afraid. Crowd all the ill-news into a sentence, and let me have it all at once."

"Your father is dead."

She fell slightly forward and caught the railing with one hand, and pressed the other upon her heart.

"When and how; tell me all in few words. I can bear it—I can bear it!" she repeated in a strange, hollow voice, which seemed to come from a distance. "God above! what can I not bear? Go on."

"He was hurt only a few hours after we saw him by the seashore, thrown from the wagon by the railway train, and he died to-day at sunset."

She was dreadfully calm as she went on—"Was the young girl injured?"

"Not seriously. She has not quite recovered from the shock, but she is almost well. We watch there to-night, and I could not go without coming to tell you."

"Who watches with you?" She said this with an eager quickness which startled me, grasping my arm as she spoke.

"Madame's nephew, Mr. Chiswick."

"How came he to know of them?"

"I told them that we were both upon the cars at the time of the accident, and that he with me accompanied them home."

"Let him be asleep or away at midnight, I can wait no longer. Do this at any cost or hazard, will you?"

"I'll do my best; we shall be alone in all probability. I will try so to arrange it that he shall be asleep."

She caught my hand and pressed it against her heart. "You have been my friend," she said; "I wish my gratitude were worth more, but such as it is you have it. Do you know what is here?" she continued in a strange hollow voice, pressing my hand still closer against her breast.

"Your heart."

"Broken!"

I knew instantly her reasons for wishing Chiswick to be out of the way at midnight, although no word of her purpose had passed between us. She had determined to come and take a last look at the still dead face before the earth closed over it, and she came.

We left Madame de Brissac before the tea was over, and thus escaped the formality of leave-taking. Mildred was to be kissed by Chiswick, and shaken hands with by me; that was all—and we came away.

It was a little before nine when we reached the cottage. There was a thin, mouldy undertaker's assistant at the gate, holding in his hands some of the paraphernalia of his dreadful trade. The door was open, and the new nurse, a stranger, was taking leave of the undertaker, a large mottled man, who met us upon the porch, and looked at us with an expression which implied that it would afford him extreme pleasure to measure us both for coffins, and that if we knew what was good for us, we would have it done at once. He gave us good evening, and asked us if we were the watchers. I eased his mind upon that point, and was informed that the sherry and cold chicken were on the dresser. The odor of some of the former clung about his lips, I can swear. He slouched darkly away, fling a parting salutation at us as he retired; joined his familiar at the gate, and the two ravens made the night darker as they went down the street.

The nurse was a professional; she had learned to regard illness and death as the natural conditions of the human family, and health merely as an evanescent disturbance of those conditions. No more terrors for her in a shrouded face; she had seen so many; heard so many hammers tapping, tapping, tapping their wild and desolate refrain on coffin lids, that it had grown to be alluring music to her. She took us into the drawing-room, and showed us the corpse, which was laid out, and the coffin awfully long and dark, starred with silver nails, stood upon the table with a night-light burning at its head.

"He makes a handsomer corpse than was to have been expected," said the nurse, "considering his years and sorrows; I'm told he had sorrows, like all the rest of us. Generally, the features of old people is shrunk, and the natural colors is gone. It's a great comfort and a great blessing that he is so fresh and natural—it's consoling."

The old nurse drew the wet cloth again over the white cold face, and showed us into the same room where we were to remain during the night.

The nurse retired early, and we were left alone. It was about two hours to midnight, and the moon was just rising white and cold. I saw it from the window, and called Chiswick to look at with me; unheeding his melancholy assurance that he was not up to those things—moonlight and the others. Mil was. He wasn't. But he came to the window and I pointed out to him the flakes of amaranth that shone upon the foliage, and the night shadows that pointed solemnly westward, and asked him if they did not impress him.

"You are very unimaginative, Chiswick," I said, "I know you are; your best friends must admit that; but I don't see how you can stand between death on the one hand, and its cold, desolate image on the other, without being impressed?"

"Well," said Chiswick, "on the whole I am. I ain't like you, you know; but I suppose I feel it in my way. I know I'm bothered with all this, at any rate," and Chiswick milked his earlock thoughtfully and sedately.

"Bothered? How do you mean?"

"Why, the whole business bothers me. It's so curious that you should have known these people and not known 'em at the same time; and that the doctor should have known 'em; and that we should have been just there when the accident happened—and then this woman, Miss what's-her-name? What can she have to do with the business, any way? I'm sure it was something connected with this that you had to tell her. You can deny it, if you like; I don't mind."

"I don't deny it, Chiswick. It was to tell her of the death of old John that I wished to see her. She had a right to know."

When Miss Volte had told me to either have Chiswick asleep, or to get him away at midnight, I knew that she intended to come at that time and take a last look at her father's face before the earth closed over it, and I had determined that in case Chiswick showed no signs of drowsiness before that hour that I would make a confidante of him, and appeal to his goodnature and kindness of heart to return to the adjoining room and keep up a gentle snoring while Miss Volte remained. I was very reluctant to do this, having not much confidence in Chiswick's discretion, but I was at fault for another expedient; and as the time passed and I rung from a neighboring steeple, answered instantly by innumerable other steeples in every direction, the sound from which came rolling across the night in a muffled monotone, an incident determined me. It was the rumble of a carriage in an adjacent street. It stopped presently, and the night was ominously still again. We were still talking at the window; Chiswick's curiosity only half-suppressed breaking out anew in almost every word he uttered. I never knew him to be in so wakeful a mood. He gave no sign of any intention to sleep for ages. The moonlight shone upon the face of the old church clock, and I watched the minute-hand as it fell slowly and relentlessly along the dial; a quarter past, and Chiswick still talkative and vigilant. If he does not drop off in ten minutes, I'll tell him. What an eternity seems ten minutes when one sits and watches the clock. It seemed so to me; but the minute hand fell slowly, and it was five minutes to half-past 11. If he doesn't yawn promisingly in five minutes, I certainly will tell him, thought I.

The house occupied the street corner, and along the side of the garden there was a fence of white palings, upon the inner side of which grew a hedge of bushes, which were in full midsummer foliage. During the lapse of the five minutes I saw, or thought I saw, a shadow moving along the hedge upon the sidewalk. There was no sound of footsteps, but the moonlight shining through the crevices of leaves seemed to be darkened by a gliding eclipse. I started from my chair and looked eagerly from the window; but the shadow had passed, and no sound broke the ominous night stillness.

"Chiswick," I said, turning quickly round, in reply to his remonstrance against my starting in that way and frightening a feller, "I'm going to confide a great secret to you. Will you keep it?"

I need not repeat his protestations, which were many and vehement, that he would keep it against all comers (as if it had been a prize belt).

"It is this: Miss Volte is the daughter of the man who lies dead in the other room. They have been estranged for years, and in that time have seen each other but once. She is coming here to-night."

Chiswick bounded from his chair with an ejaculation of alarm.

"For heaven's sake be quiet and listen to me. You must not be present. You must seem to be asleep in the inner room."

"But, Lu—"

"There is really no other way. She will be here at midnight, and it now only lacks a quarter of that time. I can tell you more about it after it is over. Now, don't stop to think; make up your mind at once. Consider, it is the last time in which the poor lady will ever look upon her father's face again!"

"I'll do it, Lulu; put me anywhere; do anything you like with me! Don't you think it might be more agreeable if I went into the cellar or got under the stairs among the coals? Because—"

"No, no, no; now don't be excited; just go into this room, sit down in the armchair and snore a little. I want to judge of the effect."

The good, brave fellow did as I requested, and I had to go to the door in a moment to tell him that his sternation, although well intended, was a dismal failure, and that if he would substitute unbroken silence for it I thought the effect would be much improved—a suggestion which he adopted instantly with admirable docility.

Twelve—Stricken out with great solemn clangor by innumerable bells—and the sound had hardly died away before the moving shadow darkened the foliage again, a small wicket gate, almost hidden by the leaves, opened noiselessly and a tall figure, dressed all in black, the head and face muffled by a hood, glided into the garden and stopped a shadow amid the shadows, holding with one hand upon a bush. I passed down the stair, let myself out by the little door opening from it, and went out upon the walk.

"Come," I said, in a low voice, and a faint noise in the room above convinced me that Chiswick had his eye at the lattice.

She came, and her cold hand trembled as she grasped mine, and uncovered her face.

We entered, closing the door but leaving it unbolted, and went up to the room where the dead lay. The hall was darkened, and only the wavering nightlamp burned at the head of the coffin, filling the room with ghostly shadows. I closed the door softly, drew aside the moist covering from the dead face, and lifted the lamp so that its light fell upon it.

Would she never speak? nor unbend again the rigid pallor of her face? It was as if she had been stricken into stone and would stand there for ever, white and still. Her hand was clenched and lay upon the coffin, and her face was drawn into stony lines of pain. What a terrible shadow she flung upon the wall—a shadow radiant of shadows.

"Won't you speak?" I said, laying my hand upon hers, which was cold as ice—"or move, or cry. Cry, in Heaven's name, will you not?"

"I shall never weep again." She turned her cold black eyes upon mine as she spoke, and the light in them was blurred as if they were clouded. "Don't speak to me."

She was silent again for a little time.

"I wonder if we live again, or if this is really the end?"

There was another pause, during which she smoothed her hair restlessly with her hand, and when one of its ringlets became detached from the comb, she held it up and looked at it with a startled surprised look, as if she had just awakened out of a dream.

"He had a noble face always, and death has transfigured it. What did you say your name was?" (to me).

I told her.

"Your arm is tired with holding that heavy lamp. Set it down. Do you think that I might kiss him before they bury him in the ground?"

Your manner frightens me; it looks like madness. Why should you not kiss him? and why in God's name don't you cry?" I said, with suppressed vehemence, grasping her by the arm as if she were in a trance.

"Are there no tears except those that waste themselves at the eye lids? Mine have fallen inward upon my heart and petrified. That will do. (She unloosed my hand from about her arm). I will kiss him once before they bury him." She stooped forward and pressed her lips upon his brow.

"It's over now. Cover up his face again and go with me to the gate."

Her calmness did not desert her throughout. When we reached the gate and I had opened it, she stopped for a moment, with her head bent down in thought.

"Will you let me kiss you?" she said.

"If you wish to."

The lips which she pressed upon my brow were cold as the night dew which clung to my hair, and she then glided rapidly away. Poor lady!

(To be continued.)

A GREAT many people in the South are burning cotton, but no one burns his own.



## DOMESTIC NEWS.

**FORT PULASKI** is so much injured by the bombardment as to be wholly unfit for a work of defence. Some work is in progress, but principally for the purpose of clearing away the rubbish, so as to render the place fit for the occupation of the regiment, the Seventh Connecticut, which yet remains within its walls. No effort is making to remount the guns or repair the breaches effected by our firing.

**IMPORTANT ORDER OF GEN. HUNTER.**—Maj.-Gen. Hunter, in command of the Southern Department (South Carolina, Georgia, &c.) has just issued the following important General Order relating to the slaves of enemies:

**HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH.**  
**FORT PULASKI (COCKSPUR ISLAND, GA.),** April 18, 1862.  
 All persons of color lately held to involuntary servitude by enemies of the United States in Fort Pulaski and on Cockspur Island, Georgia, are hereby confiscated and declared free, in conformity with law, and shall hereafter receive the fruits of their own labor. Such of said persons of color as are able-bodied and may be required, shall be employed in the Quartermaster's Department, at the rates heretofore established by Brig.-Gen. T. W. Sherman. By command of  
 Maj.-Gen. DAVID HUNTER.

CHAS. G. HALPINE, Assistant Adjutant-General.

**SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND** franked letters have been sent from the Washington Post Office within the last three months.

**ILLINOIS** has now 55 regiments of infantry and 13 of cavalry in active service, with 20 batteries of artillery. Four more regiments of infantry are on the point of taking the field.

**MASSACHUSETTS** teachers at Port Royal give encouraging accounts of their educational enterprise among the contrabands. The Boston Journal, noting the substance of these communications, says: "The negroes are busily employed in planting cotton, corn and potatoes, laboring cheerfully for slight pecuniary rewards, and manifesting a tractable, obedient and deferential spirit, which has deeply impressed the white teachers who are striving to fit them to take care of themselves. On some plantations they had planted sufficient corn to meet their own wants before the Government undertook to direct their labors. Some of them are very intelligent in practical matters, and manage the affairs of the plantations to which they belong with much skill. They all manifest an eager desire to learn to read, and make excellent progress. Old negroes, 60 or 70 years of age, press forward to be taught."

We have the official reports of the killed, wounded and missing in the first and fourth divisions at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. The first division was commanded by Gen. John A. McClernand, and the fourth by Gen. S. A. Hurlbut. The following is the recapitulation:

	1st Div.	4th Div.	Total.
Killed.....	251	308	559
Wounded.....	1,367	1,417	2,784
Missing.....	236	175	411
Total.....	1,854	1,900	3,754

One year ago, April 24th, Gov. Morgan called for 21 regiments of volunteers, of 780 men each, to aid the National Government in its effort to suppress treason. The response within a twelve-month has been 106 regiments of 1,000 men each.

## SOUTHERN NEWS.

**THE ATLANTA (Ga.) Confederacy**, of March 30th, reports a conversation with a certain Dr. Banks, of Savannah, who had just returned from Richmond; he said: "We are whipped on all sides—every thing looks dark and gloomy for us. McCulloch and Price are killed, Columbus and Manassas are evacuated, and hell is to pay everywhere! It is not the negro question which is now mooted—it is to know whether the Paritan or Cavalier is to rule this continent. For fifteen years we have been preparing for it, and the Yankees cannot expect to destroy in a day what we have taken so long to prepare."

In a late message to the Legislature, the Governor of Arkansas recommended that an act be passed punishing with a heavy fine any person who even expressed a doubt of the success of the Confederate arms, and that a second offence be declared a felony. An act was passed imposing a tax of \$30 per bale on cotton, thus favoring the production of grain to the discouragement of cotton raising.

A Suffolk correspondent of the Petersburg (Va.) Express complains of the extent of the Union feeling in North Carolina. He says: "It is painful to learn that all along the coast of North Carolina there are persons who welcome the invaders and encourage them in their wicked raids. Until we can put an end to such encouragement, we shall have trouble at every point where the enemy can possibly gain a footing."

**THE NORFOLK (Va.) Day Book**, of the 15th, has an article in the following strain: "At the present crisis, when the spirit and prowess of the Confederate arms have been so signally vindicated, is it not a favorable time for the Confederate Government to propose to the Government at Washington a cessation of the fierce and unnatural strife which has watered our soil with blood and tears, and darkened the annals of our country's history? What dignity and sublimity in the proposition, coming from the Confederate Government, now bristling in readiness for the dire conflict which fanaticism and wrong have forced upon us. Why not say to the Government at Washington: 'We are countrymen and brothers; come, let us reason together; let us terminate this murderous controversy, and settle our difficulties without thirsting for each other's blood.'"

## CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

**MONDAY, APRIL 21.**—In the Senate a petition was presented from free colored citizens of the United States, praying for colonization in Central America, if possible. Memorials were presented for a ship canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River. Mr. Powell, of Kentucky, offered a resolution asking information of the Secretary of State relative to the arrest of citizens of his State, and their confinement in forts, camps and prisons. It was objected to, and laid over under the rule. The resolution relative to the arrest of General Stone was then taken up, and Mr. McDougall, of California, made another speech, in which he assailed the course of the Committee on the Conduct of the War. Mr. Wade, of Ohio, replied in vindication of the Committee, and justifying Gen. Stone's arrest. The debate was long and animated, being participated in by several other Senators. Finally, Mr. McDougall consented to accept Mr. Wilson's substitute, calling upon the President, if not incompatible with the public interests, to furnish all the information relative to the arrest and imprisonment of Gen. Stone, and it was passed.

In the House, a bill making appropriation for a bounty to the widows and loyal heirs of volunteers who have died or may die, and those who have been killed or may be killed, was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means. A motion was adopted calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury for a statement of the expenditures of money in the Department of the West, but the vote was subsequently reconsidered, and the motion was rejected. The Secretary of War was requested to furnish the House with a statement of all the appointments of Brigadier-Generals, from the 1st of April, 1861. A resolution directing the Secretary of War to cause to be published a book, entitled the "Patriotic Record," containing the names of all officers and men of the army and navy engaged in suppressing the rebellion, was referred to the Military Committee. The Committee on Invalid Pensions was instructed to report a bill providing pensions for disabled soldiers in the present war. The resolution introduced by Mr. Diven, of New York, requesting the Attorney-General to bring a suit against Gen. Fremont and Mr. Beard, to recover money obtained on the order of Gen. Fremont, was taken up and debated at considerable length by Messrs. Diven, Colfax, of Indiana, Blair, of Missouri, and others.

**TUESDAY, APRIL 22.**—In the Senate, a report was made from the Select Committee on the case of Senator Starke, of Oregon, to the effect that Mr. Starke is disloyal to the Government. Mr. Anthony, of Rhode Island, presented a resolution calling upon the President for documents relating to Gen. Sherman, and his connection with the Department of the South. Mr. Anthony explained that he wished to prove that the credit of taking Fort Pulaski belonged to Gen. Sherman, and that if he had not taken Savannah it was because he had acted in accordance with orders.

In the House, it was resolved, on motion of Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, that the President be requested to strike from the rolls the name of any army officer who has been known to be habitually intoxicated. Mr. Morrill explained that he had been assured that the General who failed to reinforce the two Vermont companies at Lee's Mill was drunk, and had fallen from his horse into the mud. A motion to lay all the Confiscation bills, 15 or 16 in number, on the table was lost, 65 to 39. The first of the series, to forfeit the property and slaves of those engaging in the rebellion, was debated at considerable length. The second, offered by Mr. Hickman, of Pennsylvania, leaving confiscation discretionary with the President, was rejected; but Mr. Brigham's substitute for it, declaring that all property of rebels, wherever found, shall be lawful indemnity to the Government, was adopted, 62 to 48. The question then came up on the passage of the bill as amended by the adoption of the substitute, but the House adjourned without a vote.

**WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23.**—In the Senate, a resolution, offered by Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, directing the Military Committee to inquire

whether any General in the army before Yorktown had exhibited himself drunk in the face of the enemy, and if any measures had been taken for the trial and punishment of such officer, was adopted after some debate, during which it transpired that the officer alluded to by Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, in the House on Tuesday, is a Gen. Smith. The bill recognizing the independence of Hayti and Liberia, and providing for a diplomatic representation was taken up, and Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts, made a speech in advocacy of its passage.

In the House, the consideration of the Confiscation bill, pending when the House adjourned on Tuesday, was then resumed, and the bill was rejected, 54 to 48. The next in the series was taken up, and the debate continued. Mr. Colfax, of Indiana, advocated the appointment of a Select Committee to consider the whole matter. Mr. Dunn, of Indiana, was opposed to a sweeping Confiscation bill. He wanted a distinction made against the leaders. Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, maintained the propriety of a bill to punish all wilful rebels, by depriving them of their property. Mr. Lehigh, of Penn., was opposed to Confiscation bills. He looked on the march of our armies as the proper mode of suppressing the rebellion, and re-establishing the Constitution. Mr. Hickman, of Penn., claimed that the Constitution gave the President ample power, without Congressional action. Mr. Crittenden, of Ky., was against all Confiscation measures, which would tend to exasperate the war, and postpone the time of putting down the rebellion.

**THURSDAY, APRIL 24.**—In the Senate, a communication was received from the War Department, transmitting copies of contracts made by the Department in 1861. Mr. Powell, of Kentucky, moved to take up the resolution offered by him relative to the arrest of citizens of Kentucky, but objection was made. It was subsequently, however, passed.

In the House, a resolution asking the President to transmit to the House correspondence with the French and English Governments relative to the present troubles in this country, was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The House soon afterward went into Committee on the bill making an appropriation for bounties to the soldiers and loyal heirs of volunteers called into service under the law of July, 1861. Mr. Rollins, of Missouri, made a speech against the rebellion, and complimented Mr. Lincoln for his efforts in behalf of the Union. He (Rollins) considered the insurrection causeless and infamous. He was opposed to any and all extreme measures, and for prosecuting the war on the principle laid down at the Extra Session, that when the supremacy of the Constitution and laws are re-established, the war ought to cease. Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, read an extract from a speech made by Senator Wade, in which the former was denounced as having no sympathy with the Republic, and proceeded to pronounce Senator Wade a liar, a scoundrel and a coward. Mr. Blake, of Ohio, subsequently took up the endgame for Mr. Wade, and an attempt by Mr. Vallandigham to bully him did not succeed very well. Mr. Hutchins, of Ohio, offered a resolution censuring Mr. Vallandigham for his course, and pending its consideration the House adjourned.

**FRIDAY, APRIL 25.**—In the Senate, resolutions from the Legislature of Ohio, concerning the rebel prisoners at Columbus, Ohio, saying that the loyal feelings of the people of Ohio had been outraged by the fact that the rebel prisoners at Camp Chase were allowed to retain their slaves by Col. Moody, thus practically establishing slavery in Ohio in the name of the people of Ohio, and solemnly protesting against this outrage upon the loyalty of the people of Ohio. The resolutions were accompanied by a note from Gov. Tod, saying that Col. Moody did not permit it, but that the negroes had been sent there as prisoners, and that Col. Moody was obliged to take care of them. Mr. Wilson said he should call the subject up on Monday. The bill establishing a line of armed steamers between San Francisco and Shanghai and Japan was passed. A bill protecting United States officers from suits growing out of arrests of disloyal persons was referred to the Judiciary Committee. An executive session was held and a number of army appointments confirmed.

In the House, the bill providing bounties for the widows and heirs of volunteers was discussed, and Mr. Daves defended the Government Contract Investigating Committee from the assaults made upon them during their absence.

## ART, MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

**THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.**—The Thirty-seventh Annual Exhibition of the National Academy is now open at Derby's Galleries, 625 Broadway. We simply make the announcement this week, that our readers may be aware of the fact, and give it that patronage which the institution deserves. We shall reserve our critical notice until next week. In the interim we will say that it is a very satisfactory exhibition; that if it does not contain as large a number of good pictures as some of the exhibitions of previous years, it contains fewer bad ones than we have ever seen on its walls. It contains many rare gems of art—portraits which cannot be excelled in the world, landscapes of rare beauty and marvellous truthfulness, genre pictures of singular individuality and excellence, and at least one figure picture that has never been surpassed on this Continent. Such is the character of the present exhibition, and we unhesitatingly commend it to the attention of our readers. It should be remembered that its walls are the exponents of the status of Art in our country, and this fact alone, touching as it does the noblest point of pride of our National character, should recommend it to the patronage of the citizens of this great city. But, independent of that generous sentiment, the collection richly deserves the patronage we ask for it, and which we hope to see liberally accorded. It is our only National Art Institution, and ought to be supported.

**CHURCH'S** magnificent picture, the "Heart of the Andes," is still on exhibition at Goupil's. This is the last public view that will be afforded, and we advise those who have not yet seen this great work of native art to visit it without delay.

**ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FOURTEENTH STREET.**—A brief season of three nights has again consigned our great Operatic establishment to gloom and silence. The season, as we have said, was brief, but it was gloriously brilliant, and we believe fairly remunerative to the management. It was distinguished by three marked features: first, the appearance of a new tenor; secondly, the appearance of Miss Kellie as a new character; and thirdly, by the *redoubt* of Madame D'Angri as Leonora in "La Favorita." The new tenor, Tombesi, has good points, which would insure him, after a few hearings, of the favor of his audiences. He has a fine presence, a good voice and an excellent method. He sings well and acts fairly, but it is impossible to form a just estimate of the full powers of an artist who appears for the first time on a new stage in a strange country. He impressed us, however, favorably, and we have no doubt that he will improve upon acquaintance. Miss Kellie, as Mark in "La Fille du Regiment," only achieved a success *déclatée*. The character is not suited to her peculiar style; it seems that she lacks the natural vivacity which the part demands. Still to one who has given such evidence of capability of rapid improvement, nothing is impossible. It was, to say the worst of it, an effort in a new direction, and if the effort was not a success, it was certainly praiseworthy. She is a careful and industrious young artist, and merits every encouragement.

Madame D'Angri, as Leonora, was admirable as ever. She is an artist of the guinea stamp, and passes current everywhere. It is refreshing to one's musical sense to listen to so glorious an artist; it revives the memory of what we have had, and what, save in herself, we have not got. And if it causes us to regret what we have lost, it gives us reason to rejoice that she still remains, and that all the glory of Art has not passed away from among us. We trust most sincerely that Madame D'Angri will be included in whatever Operatic organization may be arranged in the future.

It is announced that Mr. Grau will give no more Operatic seasons until the fall, but we suppose something will be done with the many new artists here. Let us hope so at all events.

**GEORGE BRISTOW'S "PRAISE TO GOD."**—This fine Oratorio or Cantata was given at Irving Hall last week, with the usual accompaniment of a wretched day and a down-pouring night. Why every musical speculation should bring on a rainstorm is yet to be accounted for. The fable says that music not only moves savage breasts, but stocks and stones; but it makes no mention of its water power, so the honor of that discovery belongs to modern times. The attendance, however, in spite of the weather, was quite numerous, but far short of what the merits of the work should have attracted. George Bristow stands at the head of our native composers; indeed he may be said to be the only active representative of that branch of the musical art. He has attacked the three great strongholds of the art, and successfully the *Sinfonia*, the *Opera* and the Oratorio have yielded to his powers. Of course, all his labors have been produced under protest, for we Americans cannot forgive the impertinence of an American entering the field of musical art, which has hitherto been exclusively occupied, and nobly too, by foreign idols. Fortunately George Bristow has the true Anglo-Saxon grit, and was not to be put down—opposition only serving to nerve him to greater exertion. So he wrote on, and the tardy public has acknowledged that the fruits of his labors are good, and thinking minds look hopefully to the future of an Art which has in our young country so strong and healthy a pioneer representative as George Bristow. So say we.

The work was performed by the New York Harmonic Society, the solo parts being sustained by Mrs. Mozart, Madame Stoeckel, an *Messa*, Lily and J. R. Thomas. The ladies were excellent and efficient. Mr. J. R. Thomas has a voice of rare beauty, and sang his rôle admirably. His taste and style are unexceptionable, and his conceptions are in all respects truly artistic. In his specialty he is, in fact, our only concert singer. The choruses were well sung, and the material of the chorus displayed many splendid voices. The orchestra was compact and well selected, and interpreted the brilliant instrumentation most effectively. The grandeur of the ensemble was materially enhanced by the judicious organ accompaniment, which was played in a masterly manner by Mr. Henry C. Timm.

We have not the space to enter into a full discussion of the merits of the work, but must sum up our opinion in brief. As regards its construction, the composer has preserved the old models, and has success-

fully followed the well-trodden way, without being a servile follower or a weak imitator. His subjects are well chosen, and are as melodious as could be allowed, strictly speaking, without trenching upon the secular style. They are necessarily declamatory, and in proportion to the strength of the declamation they are restricted from that agreeable flow so pleasing to the general ear. Their merit, in the old school, is in proportion to their lack of the popular element, and although in this respect the composer has not so strictly adhered to the strict reading, a little more positive melody would have rendered the work more generally acceptable. His fugue subjects are bold and well defined, and are exceedingly beautiful, delicious in melody, rich in harmony and voiced with the skill of a master. The instrumentation is a prominent feature of the work, and here we can offer the warmest praise. He has treated the score with varied imagination and marked ability. His counter subjects are pleasing, ingenious and elaborate, and the varied resources of the orchestra are displayed with a due regard to effective contrasts, showing the writer to be familiar with the whole scope of the modern orchestra. In a word, Bristow's "Praise to God" is a work of great merit, and will hold its place in the repertoire of sacred music. It is his initial work in the sacred style, and but few have achieved so successful a first effort.

**GOTTSCALK'S COMING CONCERTS.**—Our readers will be pleased to learn that the inimitable Gottschalk has returned from a most successful tour in the West, and will favor New York with one or two concerts before he starts for the East and Canada. The concerts will probably take place next week.

**AT NIBLO'S GARDEN** the spectacular operatic drama, "The Enchantress," continues to fill the auditorium to its utmost capacity. The form of the piece, melodrama interspersed with music, is very ancient and by no means to our taste, but it has clearly the popular elements in it with which the public sympathizes—hence in a great measure, its success. It is put on the stage superbly; its surroundings are beautiful and artistic, and the cast very strong and effective, comprising the best artists of the establishment. Miss Charlotte Richings has greatly improved since her last appearance in this city, both in her singing and her acting; she is perfectly self-assured, and sustains the weight of the performance, the whole of the interest of which centres in her, with an *aplomb* which marks her as a thorough artist. She has a most pleasant voice, of sufficient compass and power, which she uses very effectively. Everything she does is most carefully and minutely studied, and thus a perfection in detail has been achieved, supplying in a measure certain wants in her education. Her execution is unequalled, but in some respects it is quite brilliant, as was evidenced in her performance of the *bolero* from the "Sicilian Vespers," which elicited an enthusiastic encore from the delighted audience. Altogether Miss Richings has achieved a decided success, and has opened a rich field for endeavors in the future.

The piece throughout was well acted, and is, as a spectacle, one of the most gorgeous ever presented to a New York audience. The exquisite dancing of Madame Galetti added not a little to the enjoyment of the evening. She is a first-class artist, in many points superior to any who have preceded her in this country, not excepting Ellsler. One point must for ever remain to us a mystery—that is, why the dreary, old-fashioned, commonplace music of Dr. Cunningham was substituted for the charming and spirited music of Balfe. Only two or three of Balfe's pieces are given, Dr. Cunningham supplying all the rest except two Italian selections. Change is desirable when the substitute is superior to the original, but this change is simply from good to bad.

**WINTER GARDEN.**—Miss Bateman has been the attraction during the past and for the present week. Young, of charming presence, and gifted by nature with rare talents, she has placed herself in the foremost rank of the rising actresses of the day. There are but very few who have all the advantages which Miss Bateman possesses, and still fewer who know how to use those advantages so successfully. Her manner is natural, and the absence of stage conventionalities is not the least charm of her personations. Her action is free and graceful, and she possesses a depth of sentiment and a passionate energy which give a vivid reality to every emotion which she portrays. She has also vivacity and archness, and all the buoyant and electric spirit of youth and health. Such are the qualities which Miss Bateman brings to the development of the leading rôle of the great playright.

Her greatest success so far was in the character of Julia, in Sheridan Knowles's play of the "Hunchback." In this the various qualifications which we have enumerated were all brought into play, and it is only just to say, that a more truthful, earnest and deeply interesting personation has rarely been vouchsafed to a New York audience. From the first scene to the last the character was sustained with a force and a fidelity to nature, which irresistibly affected the audience and elicited all sympathies with her cause, the excitement culminating at the scene in which her interview with Master Walter takes place previous to her marriage. Then so grandly and naturally were her sufferings portrayed, so eloquent were her pleadings, so passionate was the pathos which seemed to spring right up from her heart, that a perfect storm of applause, bravos and waving of handkerchiefs greeted the youthful artist—a demonstration but rarely witnessed in a New York theatre. It was a genuine triumph, and as such we record it.

Our opinion must, of course, be received as based upon the few parts which she has as yet performed; our ultimate estimate of her powers will be given when she has completed the round of characters which she has marked out for herself. So far among her many beauties we have found but one blemish which obtrudes itself, and that is a tendency to a somewhat stilted declamatory style. This should be watched and softened, for the day is passed when oratorical declamation would "bring down the house." She has sufficient natural force to dispense with the adventitious aids of oratorical affectation.

Mr. J. W. Wallack was the Master Walter, and very admirably this fine actor sustained the character. All the fine and subtle shades of this singular creation of the poet were rendered with the spirit of a master mind, and the strong points stood out in relief without exaggeration. It was a sterling piece of acting, and added greatly to the well-earned reputation of Mr. Wallack. Mrs. Chantrel and Mr. Davidson, as Helen and Modus, were very acceptable. Their singular love scene was a spirited contrast to the serious interest of the other portions of the play.

Miss Bateman appears this week as Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet," and as Pauline, in the "Lady of Lyons." A new play, written expressly for her, is underlined, and will be shortly produced, with all the accessories of new scenery, dresses, etc., and a powerful cast. Report speaks highly of the merits of the new play.

**AT WALLACK'S THEATRE** the reign of the legitimate comedy is still undisturbed, and the public does not seem to show any desire that its sovereignty should cease. The past week was marked by the successful production of Bulwer's popular play, "The Lady of Lyons," in which Lester Wallack was the Claude and Mrs. Hoey the Pauline. All who know how admirable an artist Mrs. Hoey is will readily imagine the excellence of her personation. If in the living fact we miss some of the youth which the poet demands, we are bound to admit that the consummate art of the actress leaves us nothing to regret on that score. The three phases of her life presented to us—the wealthy and admired heiress looking above her station, then the deceived and indignant wife, and lastly the humbled, true and loving woman—were portrayed with that marked individuality which stamped them as unmistakably real. We have nothing to say of Mrs. Hoey's personation of Pauline but unqualified praise. Lester Wallack was a most fascinating Claude—one who we are inclined to think would be loved by any woman, even if he were not a prince. He was at once tender and earnest, passionate and respectful, and the dignity of true nobility marked his bearing equally in the Artist's blouse or the Prince's robes. The beautiful description of his palace by the Lake of Como was never delivered with a more persuasive eloquence or happier inspiration. We doubted the fitness of the part to Mr. Wallack's peculiar style, but our doubts were dissipated by his performance. He made a success marked and decided, and the excellence of the entire performance was so satisfactory to the public that it was repeated three times in the past week to crowded and brilliant audiences. The performances this week are of an equally high and classic character with those of the preceding weeks.

**LAURA KEENE'S.**—"The Macarthy; or, Peep o' Day," still runs its successful career at this theatre, and the inimitable Laura Keene is the leading star of her popular establishment. But ever the greatest successes must have an end, and yield to the superior claim of novelty. Consequently, the present will be the last of that popular drama, and a new and startling novelty will take its place. It is said that great preparations have been made for the forthcoming piece, and that it is calculated to take the "town by storm"—which, by-the-by, is a performance much in vogue by the Union troops about this time. We have great faith in the tact and judgment of the fair manager, and have no doubt but that she will hit the public taste, and carry her season triumphantly to an end.

**THE OLYMPIC THEATRE,** the old "Wallack's," has been opened by Mr. Fox with a very good company, of which Mr. C. W. Clark is the leading man, and the speculation bids fair to be a success. It is managed with spirit, and several novelties are announced as speedily forthcoming, which will turn the public attention to this pleasant little theatre. We wish it success.

**BARNUM'S MUSEUM.**—The great little Commodore Nutt, in connection with the Belgian Giant, still attracts crowded audiences to the lecture-room of the Museum. "Hop o' My Thumb" has delighted thousands of visitors by its extraordinary contrasts, its romantic interest and the excellent style of its production. But we hear of coming novelties, which will consign that popular piece to the shade, and awaken new and strong excitement among the patrons of New York's favorite place of amusement. What they are is not revealed to us as yet, but they will doubtless sustain Barnum's world-wide fame for judgment and enterprise. All the standard attractions are still on exhibition in that temple of many wonders, and the Aquaria has a new and beautiful tenant in the shape of a green lizard, which has the power to change its hues with the rapidity and brilliancy of a chameleon. Every one should see it.



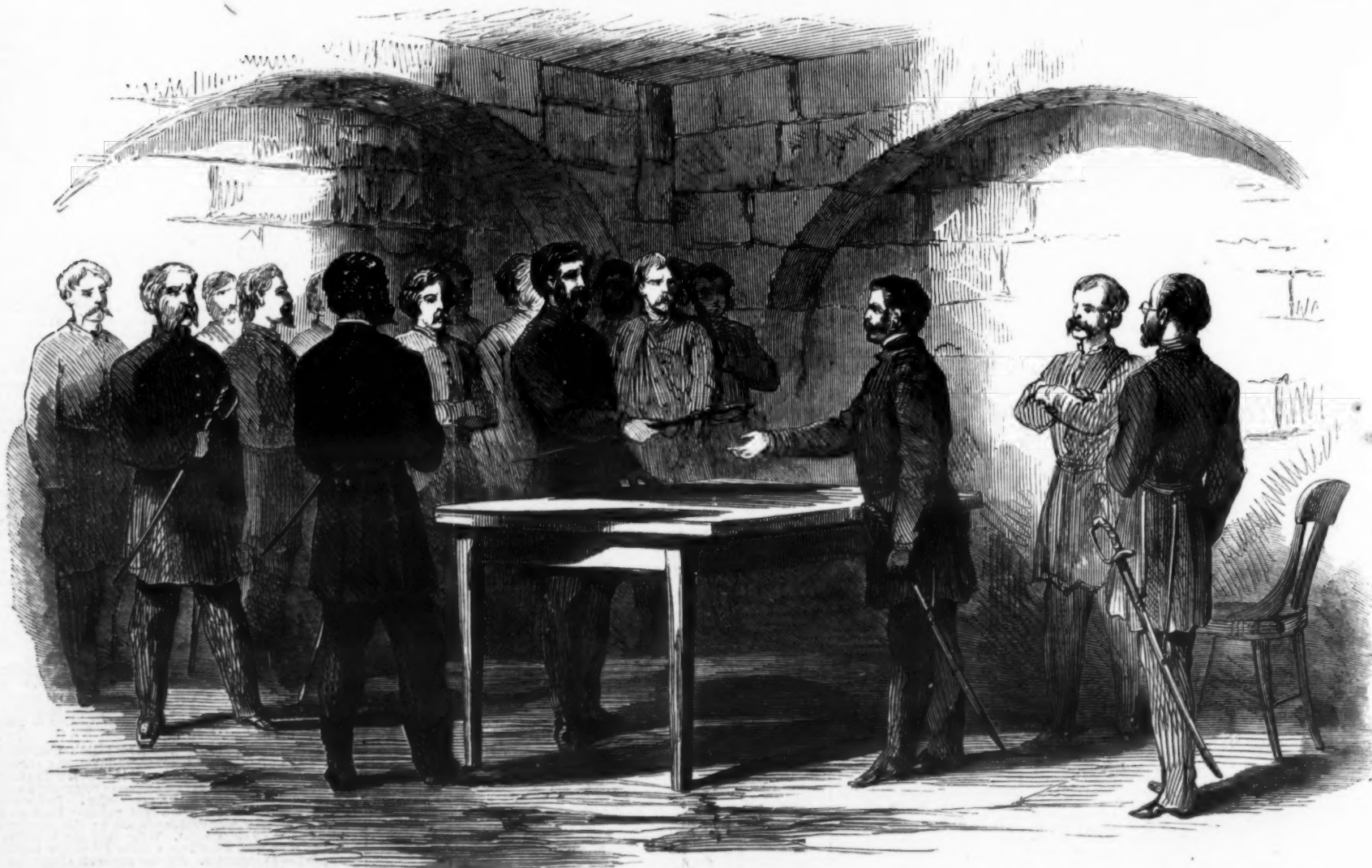


Furnace for Heating Shot.

Earthen Traverses.

Dismounted Guns and Mortars.

INTERIOR OF FORT PULASKI, AS IT APPEARED ON THE DAY AFTER ITS BOMBARDMENT, APRIL 12TH, SHOWING THE C



SURRENDER OF FORT PULASKI—COL. OLMSTEAD AND HIS OFFICERS DELIVERING UP THEIR SWORDS TO MAJOR HALPINE, ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL TO GEN. HUNTER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. GRANE.—SEE PAGE 46.





Magazine.

Entrance to Fort.

Tybee Island Side

SHOWING THE CHARACTER OF THE REBEL DEFENCES AGAINST SHELL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.—SEE PAGE 46.

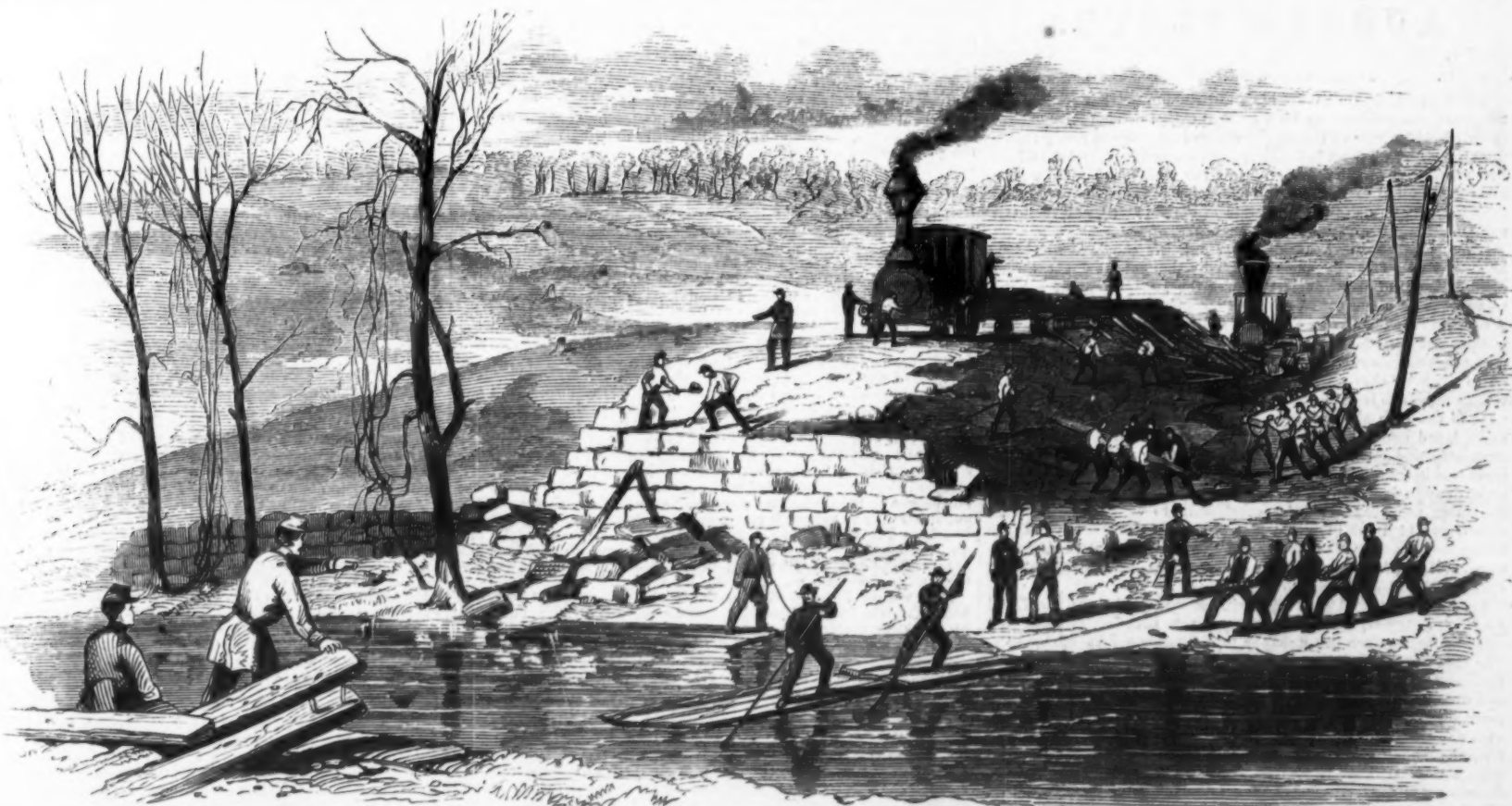
#### MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN POPE.

GEN. POPE, whose recent achievement at Island No. 10 has made his name, in conjunction with that of Com. Foote, one of our "household words," was born in Kentucky, in 1820, and is, consequently, about 42 years of age. He is the son of Gov. Nathaniel Pope, of Virginia, who emigrated to Kentucky about three years before the birth of John, but removed, in 1826, to Illinois. John, the subject of our present sketch,

entered West Point Academy in 1838, and graduated in 1842, and was appointed to the army from the State of Illinois, entering the service as a brevet 2d Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. He was engaged in Mexico, and was breveted a 1st Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct in several conflicts at Monterey, the brevet bearing date from September 23, 1846. On the 23d of February, 1847, he was breveted Captain for gallant and meritorious con-

duct at the battle of Buena Vista. On the 1st of July, 1856, he took the actual rank of Captain in the corps of Topographical Engineers, and on the 17th of May, 1861, was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. His brilliant movement in Central Missouri tended as much as anything to restore peace to that State, and his brilliant investment of New Madrid led to the evacuation of that place.

His subsequent labors at Island No. 10 are too fresh in the



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—REBUILDING RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER GOOSE CREEK, NEAR MANASSAS GAP, BY COL. GRANT, 28TH PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.



recollection of our readers to need any recapitulation. After a short time spent in co-operating with Com. Foote in the reduction of Fort Wright, he joined Gen. Halleck's army, and is now at Pittsburg Landing.

#### GEN. POPE'S HEADQUARTERS.

THE little house in which Gen. Pope resided, while engaged in the siege and capture of Island No. 10, will always be interesting, and as such we engrave it for the remembrance of our readers.

THE following poem, written by the late Gen. F. W. LANDER, is published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May:

#### UNDER THE SNOW.

THE spring had tripped and lost her flowers,  
The summer sauntered through the glades,  
The wounded feet of autumn hours  
Left ruddy footprints on the blades,

And all the glories of the woods  
Had flung their shadowy silence down—  
When, wilder than the storm it broods,  
She fled before the winter's frown.

For her sweet spring had lost its flowers,  
She fell, and passion's tongues of flame  
Ran reddening through the blushing bowers,  
Now haggard as her naked shame.

One secret thought her soul had screened,  
When prying matrons sought her wrong,  
And blame stalked on, a mouthing fiend,  
And mocked her as she fled along.

And now she bore its weight aloof,  
To hide it where one ghastly birch  
Held up the rafters of the roof,  
And grim old pine-trees formed a church.

'Twas there her springtime vows were sworn,  
And there upon its frozen sod,  
While wintry midnight reigned forlorn,  
She knelt and held her hands to God.

The cautious creatures of the air  
Looked out from many a secret place,  
To see the embers of despair  
Flush the gray ashes of her face.

And where the last week's snow had caught  
The gray beard of a cypress limb,  
She heard the music of a thought  
More sweet than her own childhood's hymn.

For rising in that cadence low,  
With "Now I lay me down to sleep,"  
Her mother rocked her to and fro,  
And prayed the Lord her soul to keep.

And still her prayer was humbly raised,  
Held up in two cold hands to God,  
That, white as some old pine-tree blazed,  
Gleamed far o'er that dark frozen sod.

The storm stole out beyond the wood,  
She grew the vision of a cloud,  
Her dark hair was a misty hood,  
Her stark face shone as from a shroud.

Still sped the wild storm's rustling feet  
To martial music of the pines,  
And to her cold heart's rustled beat  
Wheelled grandly into solemn lines.

And still, as if her secret's woe  
No mortal words had ever found,  
This dying sinner draped in snow  
Held up her prayer without a sound.

But when the holy angel bands  
Saw this lone vigil, lowly kept,  
They gathered round her frozen hands  
The prayer thus folded, and they wept.

Some snowflakes, wiser than the rest,  
Soon faltered o'er a thing of clay,  
First read this secret of her breast,  
Then gently robed her where she lay.

The dead dark hair, made white with snow,  
And still stark face, two folded palms,  
And (nothers, breathe her secret low!)  
An unborn infant—asking alms.

God kept her counsel; cold and mute  
His signified mourners closed her eyes,  
Her headstone was an old tree's root,  
Be mine to utter—"Here she lies."

## AURORA FLOYD.

#### CHAPTER V.—JOHN MELLISH.

THE house which the banker hired at Brighton for the month of October was perched high up on the East Cliff, towering loftily above the wind-driven waves; the rugged coast of Dieppe was dimly visible from the upper windows in the clear autumn mornings, and the Chain Pier looked like a strip of ribbon below the cliff. A pleasanter situation to my mind than those level terraces towards the west, from the windows of which the sea appears of small extent, and the horizon within half a mile or so of the Parade.

Before Mr. Floyd took his daughter and her cousin to Brighton, he entered into an arrangement which he thought, no doubt, a very great evidence of his wisdom; this was the engagement of a lady, who was to be a compound governess, companion, and chaperon to Aurora, who, as her aunt said, was sadly in need of some accomplished and watchful person, whose care it would be to train and prune those exuberant branches of her nature which had been suffered to grow as they would from her infancy. The beautiful shrub was no longer to trail its wild stems along the ground, or shoot upward to the blue skies at its own sweet will; it was to be trimmed and clipped and fastened firmly to the stony wall of society with cruel nails and galling strips of cloth. In other words, an advertisement was inserted in the *Times* newspaper, setting forth that a lady, by birth and education, was required as finishing governess and companion in the household of a gentleman, to whom salary was no object, provided the aforesaid lady was perfect mistress of all the accomplishments under the sun, and was altogether such an exceptional and extraordinary being as could only exist in the advertising columns of a popular journal.

But if the world had been filled with exceptional beings, Mr. Floyd could scarcely have received more answers to his advertisement than came pelting in upon the unhappy little postmaster at Beckenham. The man had serious thoughts of hiring a cart, in which to convey the letters to Falden. If the banker had advertised for a wife and had stated the amount of his income, he could scarcely have had more answers. It seemed as if the female population of London, with one accord, was seized with the desire to improve the mind and form the manners of the daughter of the gentleman to whom terms were no object. Officers' widows, clergymen's widows, lawyers' and merchants' widows, daughters of gentlemen of high family but reduced means, orphan daughters of all sorts of noble and distinguished people—declared themselves each and every one to be the person who, out of all living creatures upon this earth, was best adapted for the post. Mrs. Alexander Floyd selected six letters, threw the rest

into the waste-paper basket, ordered the banker's carriage, and drove into town to see the six writers thereof. She was a practical and energetic woman, and she put the six applicants through their paces so severely, that when she returned to Mr. Floyd it was to announce that only one of them was good for anything, and that she was coming down to Falden Woods the next day.

The chosen lady was the widow of an ensign who had died within six months of his marriage, and about an hour and a half before he would have succeeded to some enormous property, the particulars of which were never rightly understood by the friends of his unfortunate relict. But vague as the story might be, it was quite clear enough to establish Mrs. Walter Powell in life as a disappointed woman. She was a woman with straight light hair, and a lady-like droop of the head. A woman who had left school to marry, and after six months' wedded life had gone back to the same school as instructress of the junior pupils. A woman whose whole existence had been spent in teaching and being taught; who had exercised in her earlier years a species of hand-to-mouth tuition, teaching in the morning that which she learnt over night; who had never lost an opportunity of improving herself; who had grown mechanically proficient as a musician and an artist, who had a certain parrot-like skill in foreign languages, who had read all the books incumbent upon her to read, and who knew all the things imperative for her to know, and who, beyond all this, and outside the boundary of the school-room wall, was ignorant and soulless and low-minded and vulgar. Aurora swallowed the bitter pill as best she might, and accepted Mrs. Powell as the person chartered for her improvement—a kind of ballast to be flung into the wandering bark, to steady its erratic course and keep it off rocks and quicksands.

"I must put up with her, Lucy, I suppose," she said; "and I must consent to be improved and formed by the poor faded creature. I wonder whether she will be like Miss Drummond, who used to let me off from my lessons and read novels while I ran wild in the gardens and stables. I can put up with her, Lucy, as long as I have you with me; but I think I should go mad, if I were to be chained up alone with that grim, palefaced watchdog."

Mr. Floyd and his family drove from Falden to Brighton in the banker's roomy travelling-carriage, with Aurora's maid in the rumble, a pile of imperials upon the roof, and Mrs. Powell, with her young charges, in the interior of the vehicle. Mrs. Alexander had gone back to Fulham, having done her duty, as she considered, in securing a protectress from Aurora; but Lucy was to stay with her cousin at Brighton, and to ride with her on the downs. The saddle-horses had gone down the day before with Aurora's groom, a gray-haired and rather surly old fellow who had served Archibald Floyd for 30 years; and the mastiff called Bow-wow travelled in the carriage with his mistress.

About a week after the arrival at Brighton, Aurora and her cousin were walking together on the West Cliff, when a gentleman with a stiff leg rose from a bench upon which he had been seated listening to the band, and slowly advanced to them. Lucy dropped her eyelids with a faint blush; but Aurora held out her hand in answer to Captain Bulstrode's salute.

"I thought I should be sure to meet you down here, Miss Floyd," he said. "I only came this morning, and I was going to call at Falthorpe's for your papa's address. Is he quite well?"

"Quite—yes, that is—pretty well." A shadow stole over her face as she spoke. It was a wonderful face for fitful lights and shades. "But we did not expect to see you at Brighton, Captain Bulstrode; we thought your regiment was still quartered at Windsor."

"Yes, my regiment—that is, the 11th is still at Windsor; but I have sold out."

"Sold out!" Both Aurora and her cousin opened their eyes at this intelligence.

"Yes; I was tired of the army. It's dull work now the fighting is all over. I might have exchanged and gone to India, certainly," he added, as if in answer to some argument of his own; "but I'm getting middle-aged, and I'm tired of roaming about the world."

"I should like to go to India," said Aurora, looking seaward as she spoke.

"You, Aurora! but why?" exclaimed Lucy.

"Because I hate England."

"I thought it was France you disliked?"

"I hate them both. What is the use of this big world, if we are to stop for ever in one place, chained to one set of ideas, fettered to one narrow circle of people, seeing and hearing of the persons we hate for ever and ever, and unable to get away from the odious sound of their names; I should like to turn female missionary, and go to the centre of Africa with Dr. Livingstone and his family; and I would go if it wasn't for papa."

Poor Lucy stared at her cousin in helpless amazement. Talbot Bulstrode found himself falling back into that state of bewilderment in which this girl always threw him. What did she mean, this heiress of 19 years of age, by her fits of despondency and outbursts of bitterness? Was it not perhaps, after all, only an affectation of singularity?

Aurora looked at him with her brightest smile while he was asking himself this question. "You will come and see papa," she said.

Captain Bulstrode declared that he desired no greater happiness than to pay his respects to Mr. Floyd, in token whereof he walked with the young ladies towards the East Cliff.

From that morning the officer became a constant visitor at the banker's. He played chess with Lucy, accompanied her on the piano when she sang, assisted her with valuable hints when she painted in water-colors, put in lights here and glimpses of sky there, deepened autumnal browns, and intensified horizon purples, and made himself altogether useful to the young lady, who was, as we know, accomplished in all lady-like arts. Mrs. Powell, seated in one of the windows of the pleasant drawing-room, shed the benignant light of her faded countenance and pale-blue eyes upon the two young people, and represented all the proprieties in her own person; Aurora, when the weather prevented her riding, occupied herself more restlessly than profitably by taking up books and tossing them down, pulling Bow-wow's ears, staring out of the windows, drawing caricatures of the promenaders on the cliff, and dragging out a wonderful little watch, with a bunch of dangling inexplicable golden absurdities, to see what o'clock it was.

Talbot Bulstrode, while leaning over Lucy's piano or drawing-board, or pondering about the next move of his queen, had ample leisure to watch the movements of Miss Floyd, and to be shocked at the purposeless manner in which that young lady spent the rainy mornings. Sometimes he saw her poring over *Bell's Life*, much to the horror of Mrs. Walter Powell, who had a vague idea of the iniquitous proceedings recited in that terrible journal, but who was afraid to stretch her authority so far as to forbid its perusal.

Mrs. Powell looked with silent approbation upon the growing familiarity between gentle Lucy Floyd and the captain. She had feared at first that Talbot was an admirer of Aurora's; but the manner of the two soon dispelled her alarm. Nothing could be more cordial than Miss Floyd's treatment of the officer; but she displayed the same indifference to him that she did to everything else except her dog and her father. Was it possible that well-nigh perfect face and those haughty graces had no charm for the banker's daughter? Could it be that she could spend hour after hour in the society of the handsomest and most aristocratic man she ever met, and yet be as heart whole as when the acquaintance began? There was one person in the little party who was for ever asking that question, and never able to answer it to her own satisfaction, and that person was Lucy Floyd. Poor Lucy Floyd, who was engaged, night and day, in mentally playing that old German game which Faust and Marguerite played together with the full-blown rose in the garden—"He loves me—loves me not!"

Mrs. Walter Powell's shallow-sighted blue eyes might behold in Lucy Captain Bulstrode's attraction to the East Cliff; but Lucy herself knew better—bitterly, cruelly better.

"Captain Bulstrode's attentions to Miss Lucy Floyd were most evident," Mrs. Powell said one day, when the captain left, after a long morning's music and singing and chess. How Lucy hated the prim phrase! None knew so well as she the value of those "attentions." They had been at Brighton six weeks, and for the last five the captain had been there nearly every morning. He had ridden with them on the Downs, and driven them to the Dyke, and lounged beside them listening to the band, and stood behind them in their box at the pretty little theatre, and crushed with them into the Pavilion, to hear Grisi and Mario, and Alboni and poor Bosio. He had attended them through the whole round of Brighton amusements, and had never seemed weary of their companionship. But for all this, Lucy knew what the last leaf upon the rose would tell her, when the many petals should be plucked away, and the poor stem left bare. She knew how often he forgot to turn over the leaf in the

Beethoven sonatas, how often he put streaks of green into an horizon that should have been purple, and touched up the trees in her foreground with rose-pink, and suffered himself to be ignominiously checkmated from sheer inattention, and gave her wandering, random answers when she spoke to him. She knew how restless he was when Aurora read *Bell's Life*, and how the very crackle of the newspaper made him wince with nervous pain. She knew how tender he was of the purblind mastiff, how eager to be friends with him, how almost sycophantic in his attentions to the big, stately animal. Lucy knew, in short, that which Talbot as yet did not know himself—she knew that he was fast falling head over heels in love with her cousin, and she had at the same time a vague idea that he would much rather have fallen in love with herself, and that he was blindly struggling with the growing passion.

It was so: he was falling in love with Aurora. The more he protested against her, the more determinedly he exaggerated her follies, and argued with himself upon the folly of loving her, so much the more surely did he love her. The very battle he was fighting kept her for ever in his mind, until he grew the veriest slave of the lovely vision, which he only evoked in order to endeavor to exorcise.

"How could he take her down to Bulstrode, and introduce her to his father and mother?" he thought; and at the thought she appeared to him illuminating the old Cornish mansion by the radiance of her beauty, fascinating his father, bewitching his mother, riding across the moorland on her thoroughbred mare, and diving all the parish mad with admiration of her.

He felt that his visits to Mr. Floyd's house were fast compromising him in the eyes of his inmates. Sometimes he felt himself bound in honor to make Lucy an offer of his hand; sometimes he argued that no one had any right to consider his attentions more particular to one than the other of the young ladies. If he had known of that weary game which Lucy was for ever mentally playing with the imaginary rose, I am sure he would not have lost an hour in proposing to her; but Mrs. Alexander's daughter had been far too well educated to betray one emotion of her heart, and she bore her girlish agonies, and concealed her hourly tortures, with the quiet patience common to these simple womanly martyrs. She knew that the last leaf must soon be plucked, and the sweet pain of uncertainty be for ever ended.

Heaven knows how long Talbot Bulstrode might have done battle with his growing passion, had it not been for an event which put an end to his indecision and made him desperate. This event was the appearance of a rival.

He was walking with Aurora and Lucy upon the West Cliff one afternoon in November, when a mail-coach and pair suddenly drew up against the railings that separated them from the road, and a big man, with huge masses of Scotch plaid twisted about his waist and shoulders, sprang out of the vehicle, splashing the mud upon his legs, and rushed up to Talbot, taking off his hat as he approached, and bowing apologetically to the ladies.

"Why, Bulstrode," he said, "who on earth would have thought of seeing you here? I heard you were in India, man; but what have you done to your leg?"

He was so breathless with hurry and excitement, that he was utterly indifferent to punctuation; and it seemed as much as he could do to keep silence while Talbot introduced him to the ladies as Mr. Mellish, an old friend and schoolfellow. The stranger stared with such open-mouthed admiration at Miss Floyd's black eyes, that the captain turned round upon him almost savagely, as he asked what had brought him to Brighton.

"The hunting season, my boy. Tired of Yorkshire; know every field, ditch, hedge, pond, sunk fence and scrap of timber in the three Ridings. I'm staying at the Bedford; I've got my stud with me—give you a mount to-morrow morning, if you like. Harriers meet at eleven—Dyke Road. I've a gray that'll suit you to a nicety—carry my weight, and as easy as sit to your armchair."

Talbot hated his friend for talking of horses; he felt a jealous terror of him. This, perhaps, was the sort of man whose society would be agreeable to Aurora—this big, empty-headed Yorkshireman, with his babble about his stud and hunting appointments. But turning sharply round to scrutinise Miss Floyd, he was gratified to find that young lady looking vacantly at the gathering mists upon the sea, and apparently unconscious of the existence of Mr. John Mellish, of Mellish Park, Yorkshire.

This John Mellish was, as I have said, a big man, looking even bigger than he was by reason of about eight yards' length of thick shepherd's plaid twisted scientifically about his shoulders. He was a man of thirty years of age at least, but having withal such a boyish exuberance in his manner, such a youthful and innocent joyousness in his face, that he might have been a youngster of eighteen just let loose from some public academy of the muscular Christianity school. I think the Rev. Charles Kingsley would have delighted in this big, hearty, broad-chested young Englishman, with brown hair brushed away from an open forehead, and a thick brown moustache bordering a mouth for ever ready to expand into a laugh. Such a laugh, too! such a hearty and sonorous peal, that the people on the Parade turned round to look at the owner of those sturdy lungs, and smiled good-naturedly for very sympathy with his honest merriment.

Talbot Bulstrode would have given a hundred pounds to get rid of the noisy Yorkshireman. What business had he at Brighton? Wasn't the biggest county in England big enough to hold him, that he must needs bring his north-country bluster to Sussex, for the annoyance of Talbot's friends?

Captain Bulstrode was not any better pleased when, strolling a little further on, the party met with Archibald Floyd, who had come out to look for his daughter. The old man begged to be introduced to Mr. Mellish, and invited the honest Yorkshireman to dine at the East Cliff that very evening, much to the aggravation of Talbot, who fell sulkily back, and allowed John to make the acquaintance of the ladies. The familiar brute ingratiated himself into their good graces in about ten minutes, and by the time they reached the banker's house was more at his ease with Aurora than the heir of Bulstrode after two months' acquaintance. He accompanied them to the doorstep, shook hands with the ladies and Mr. Floyd, patted the mastiff Bow-wow, gave Talbot a playful sledgehammer-like slap upon the shoulder, and ran back to the Bedford to dress for dinner. His spirits were so high that he knocked over little boys and tumbled against fashionable young men, who drew themselves up in stiff amazement as the big fellow dashed past them. He sang a scrap of a hunting-song as he ran up the great staircase to his eyrie at the Bedford, and chattered to his valet as he dressed. He seemed a creature especially created to be prosperous; to be the owner and dispenser of wealth, the distributor of good things. People who were strangers to him ran after and served him on speculation, knowing instinctively that they would get ample reward for their trouble. Waiters in a coffee-room deserted other tables to attend upon that at which he was seated. Box-keepers would leave parties of six shivering in the dreary corridors while they found a seat for John Mellish. Mendicants picked him out from the crowd in a busy thoroughfare, and hung about him, and would not be driven away without a dole from the pocket of his roomy waistcoat. He was always spending his money for the convenience of other people. He had an army of old servants at Mellish Park, who adored him and tyrannized over him after the manner of their kind. His stables were crowded with horses that were lame, or wall-eyed, or otherwise disqualified for service, but that lived on his bounty like a set of jolly equine paupers, and consumed as much corn as would have supplied a racing stud. He was perpetually paying for things he neither ordered nor had, and was for ever being cheated by the dear honest creatures about him, who, for all they did their best to ruin him, would have gone through typical fire and water to serve him, and would have clung to him, and worked for him, and supported him out of those very savings for which they had robbed him, when the ruin came. If "Muster John" had a headache, every creature in that disorderly household was unhappy and uneasy till the ailment was cured; every lad in the stables, every servant-maid in the house, was eager that his or her remedy should be tried for his restoration. If you had said at Mellish Park that John's fair face and broad shoulders were not the highest forms of manly beauty and grace, you would have been set down as a creature devoid of all taste or judgment.

To the mind of that household, John Mellish in "pink" and pipe-clayed tops was more beautiful than the Apollo Belvidere, whose bronze image in little adorned a niche in the hall. If you had told them that 14 stone weight was not indispensable to manly perfection, or that it was possible there were more lofty accomplishments than driving unicorns or shooting 47 head of game in a morning, or pulling the bay mare's shoulder into joint that time she got a sprain in the hunting-field, or vanquishing Joe Millings, the East-Riding smasher, without so much as losing breath—those simple-hearted Yorkshire servants would have fairly laughed in your face. Talbot



Bulstrode complained that everybody respected him, and nobody loved him. John Mellish might have uttered the reverse of this complaint, had he been so minded. Who could help loving the honest, generous squire, whose house and purse were open to all the country-side? Who could feel any chilling amount of respect for the friendly and familiar master who sat upon the table in the big kitchen at Mellish Park, with his dogs and servants around him, and gave them the history of the day's adventures in the hunting-field, till the old blind foxhound at his feet lifted his big head and set up a feeble music? No, John Mellish was well content to be beloved, and never questioned the quality of the affection bestowed upon him. To him it was all the purest virgin gold; and you might have talked to him for twelve hours at a sitting without convincing him that men and women were vile and mercenary creatures, and that if his servants, and his tenantry, and the poor about his estate loved him, it was for the sake of the temporal benefits they received of him. He was as insuspicious as a child, who believes that the fairies in a pantomime are fairies for ever and ever, and that the harlequin is born in patches and a mask. He was as open to flattery as a schoolgirl who distributes the contents of her hamper among a circle of toadies. When people told him he was a fine fellow, he believed them, and agreed with them, and thought that the world was altogether a hearty, honest place, and that everybody was a fine fellow. Never having an *arrière pensée* himself, he looked for none in the words of other people, but thought that every one blurted out their real opinions, and offended or pleased their fellows as frankly and blunderingly as himself. If he had been a vicious young man, he would no doubt have gone altogether to the bad, and fallen among thieves. But being blest with a nature that was inherently pure and innocent, his greatest follies were no worse than those of a big schoolboy who errs from very exuberance of spirit. He had lost his mother in the first year of her infancy, and his father had died some time before his majority; so there had been none to restrain his actions, and it was something at thirty years of age to look back upon a stainless boyhood and youth, which might have been befouled with the slime of the gutters, and infected with the odor of villainous haunts. Had he not reason to be proud of this?

Is there anything, after all, so grand as a pure and unsullied life—a fair picture, with no ugly shadows lurking in the background—a smooth poem, with no crooked, halting line to mar the verse—a noble book, with no unholy page—a simple story, such as our children may read? Can any greatness be greater? Can any nobility be more truly noble? When a whole nation mourned with one voice but a few weeks since, when we drew down our blinds and shut out the dull light of the December day, and listened sadly to the far booming of the guns; when the poorest put aside their work-a-day troubles to weep for a widowed Queen and orphaned children in a desolate palace; when rough omnibus drivers forgot to blaspheme at each other, and tied decent scraps of crape upon their whips, and went sorrowfully about their common business, thinking of that great sorrow at Windsor—the words that rose simultaneously to every lip dwelt mostly upon the spotless character of him who was lost; the tender husband, the watchful father, the kindly master, the liberal patron, the temperate adviser, the stainless gentleman.

It is many years since England mourned for another royal personage who was called a "gentleman." A gentleman who played practical jokes, and held infamous orgies, and persecuted a wretched foreign woman, whose chief sin and misfortune it was to be his wife; a gentleman who cut out his own nether garments, and left the companion of his gayest revels, the genius whose brightness had flung a spurious lustre upon the dreary saturnalia of vice, to die destitute and despairing. Surely there is some hope that we have changed for the better within the last thirty years, inasmuch as we attach a few meaning to-day to the simple title of "gentleman." I take some pride, therefore, in the two young men of whom I write, for the simple reason that I have no dark patches to gloss over in the history of either of them. I may fail in making you like them; but I can promise that you shall have no cause to be ashamed of them. Talbot Bulstrode may offend you with his sulky pride, John Mellish may simply impress you as a blundering countrified ignoramus; but neither of them shall ever shock you by an ugly word or an unholy thought.

(To be continued.)

### THE REBEL STEAM RAM MANASSAS.

THIS famous small edition of the Merrimac, which lately made an inglorious retreat from Island No. 10, and is now reported to be at Fort Wright, to oppose Com. Foote, is thus described by a rebel authority:

"She draws from 10 to 12 feet of water, and is 100 feet long, with 29 feet beam. Her back is formed of 12-inch oak, covered with one and a half inch bar iron, and she is constructed so that no matter where a shot strikes it will glance over her. She only mounts one 68-pounder, being constructed more especially with a view of running down and sinking her opponent. The ram is fastened at the bow of the boat under her water line, and consists of a long iron point which is calculated to bore a hole large enough to sink any vessel that may oppose her passage. The only entrance to her is through a trapdoor in the back; and her portholes, which is at the bow, is provided with a heavy iron trap which rises and falls as the gun is run out and in. The pilot-house is at the stern of the boat. In shape she resembles half a sharply-pointed egg-shell, and she is furnished with a powerful propeller. But she is inferior to our gunboats in speed, and three powerful tugboats were required to tow her from New Orleans to Columbus. She has two chimneys, arranged so as to slide down in time of action."

Her last exploit was an attempt to sink the Richmond, one of our blockading steamers off New Orleans. She is furnished with hose for throwing boiling water to repel boarders, a remarkably Southern method of warfare.

### THE MISSISSIPPI AND ITS FORTIFICATIONS.

THIS wonderful river, the most valuable for the purposes of commerce in the world, and the longest on our continent, has become doubly important since the commencement of the present war, since it may be likened to the main artery of our republic. Its undisputed possession has given the rebels hitherto an immense advantage, but the victorious course of Commodore Foote will soon deprive them of all aid and comfort from the great Father of Waters. By the last accounts that gallant commander was bombarding Fort Wright, which is about 100 miles below Island No. 10, and 70 miles above Memphis. The length of the Mississippi, from its rise on the Hauteurs de Terre to its entrance into the Gulf of Mexico, is 3,160 miles—its rise is 1,680 feet above the level of the ocean. One of the peculiarities of the Mississippi is its tortuous course. Such is its winding nature, that places only three miles distant in a straight line, are from 20 to 35 miles apart by water. This checks the current, and facilitates commerce, although it is sometimes attended with disastrous results, such as flowing over a neck of land and sweeping away houses and inhabitants, and transforming a bend of the river into an island. The course of the river being from north to south, spring advances in a reverse direction, releasing in succession the waters of the lower valley, then those of the middle section, and finally the remote sources and northern part. The average height of the flood is about 15 feet from the delta to the mouth of the Missouri; above that it is about 25 feet. At the confluence of the Ohio it has often reached 50 feet; at Natchez it is about 30, and at New Orleans it has seldom been more than from 10 to 12. This flood commences on the 1st of February, and generally subsides by the 10th of June. Many of the cities are protected by artificial embankments called levees, which tower so much above the foundation of the city as to give to Cairo the appearance of the basement of an immense building with all the upper stories removed. The strength of the current renders its navigation by sailing vessels obsolete since the introduction of steam—the vessels being generally from nine to ten weeks in sailing from New Orleans to the mouth of the Illinois, while steamers go from Cincinnati to New Orleans in eight days—taking generally 14 to return, in consequence of the tide. The first steamer for navigation on the Mississippi was built at Pittsburgh in 1811; in 1815 there were 14 in use; in 1829, 238; in 1843, 612; in 1848,

1,261. At the commencement of 1860 there were upwards of 1,600 steamboats plying on the river, being nearly twice the steamboat tonnage of Great Britain, and equal to that of the rest of the world. The total value of these boats is about \$8,000,000. The Mississippi and its tributaries drain an area of over 1,200,000 square miles. This vast region, more fertile than the shores of the Nile, has obtained the title of the Garden of the World. That shortly over every foot of this grand territory the Stars and Stripes will again float is undoubted.

#### Table of Distances.

Distance in Miles from N. Orleans.	Distance in Miles from Cairo.
Cairo..... 992	Princeton, Miss..... 481
Norfolk, Mo..... 986	Bunches Bend..... 471
Baldwinsville, Mo..... 974	Providence, La..... 462
Columbus, Ky..... 970	Tallulah, Miss..... 452
Hickman, Ky..... 960	Tompkins, La..... 437
New Madrid, Mo..... 906	Brunswick, Miss..... 423
Obionville, Ky..... 899	Milliken's Bend..... 411
Riddle's Point, Mo..... 896	Yazoo River..... 395
Walker's Bend..... 878	Walnut Hills..... 394
Little Prairie, Mo..... 871	Vicksburg..... 382
Needham's Cut-off..... 847	Warrenton, Miss..... 382
Fork Deer River..... 841	New Carthage, La..... 367
Ashport, Tenn..... 839	Point Pleasant, La..... 357
Osceola, Ark..... 827	Big Black River..... 352
1st Chickasaw Bluff..... 821	Grand Gulf, Miss..... 350
Fulton, Tenn..... 817	Brunsbury, Miss..... 340
Hatchie River..... 807	St. Joseph, La..... 334
Randolph, Tenn..... 807	Rodney, Miss..... 330
Pecan Point..... 797	Natchez, Miss..... 289
3d Chickasaw Bluff..... 787	Vidalia, La..... 289
Greenock, Ark..... 780	Ellis Bluff..... 271
MEMPHIS, Tenn..... 740	Union Point, La..... 259
Fort Pickering..... 738	Hemochitto River..... 246
Grayson, Ark..... 732	Red River..... 225
Blue's Point, Ark..... 712	Red River Landing..... 219
Commerce, Miss..... 710	Racour Bend..... 205
Austin, Miss..... 704	Tunica Bend..... 199
St. Francis River..... 684	Bayou Sara River..... 177
Helena, Ark..... 674	St. Francisville..... 175
Yazoo Pass..... 666	Point Coupee..... 175
Fraser's Point..... 662	Waterloo..... 170
Horseshoe Bend..... 660	Port Hudson..... 164
Old Town, Ark..... 657	Baton Rouge, La..... 139
Concordia, Miss..... 617	Manchee..... 124
Montgomery Landing..... 607	Plaquemine..... 116
Victoria, Miss..... 607	Iberville..... 106
White River..... 603	Donaldsonville..... 82
Arkansas River..... 587	Jefferson College..... 66
Napoleon, Ark..... 587	Bonnet Carre..... 42
Holivia, Miss..... 574	Red Church, La..... 36
Louisiana Landing..... 539	Carrollton, La..... 7
Columbia, Ark..... 521	New Orleans..... 0
Point Chicot, Ark..... 517	Fort St. Leon..... 1000
Greenville, Miss..... 513	Fort St. Philip..... 1004
Worthington Landing..... 491	Fort Jackson..... 1004
Grand Lake Landing..... 485	Mouths of Miss. River..... 1004

#### Fortifications from Cairo to Memphis.

Cairo.....	Miles.....
Columbus.....	20
Hickman.....	37
Island No. 10.....	65
New Madrid.....	75
Point Pleasant.....	87
Plumb Point.....	154
Island No. 33.....	164
Fort Wright.....	167
Fulton Landing.....	168
Hatchie River.....	170
Island No. 34.....	170
Fort Randolph.....	175
Fort Pillow.....	238
Memphis.....	242

CAIRO.—We have so completely described this city in previous numbers of our paper, that we have only to refer our readers to them.

COLUMBUS.—In No. 332 we have illustrated this formidable position. It is now of little importance, being in our possession, and far removed from all chances of recapture.

HICKMAN.—There was only one battery here, which was abandoned at the time of our bombardment of Island No. 10.

ISLAND NO. 10.—We refer to a recent number of our Illustrated Paper for a full account of this late rebel stronghold.

POINT PLEASANT.—This advantageous position, fortified by Gen. Pope, was abandoned by our troops on April 7th, when the National army passed over into Tennessee.

PLUMB POINT is just opposite Osceola, Arkansas; but as Com. Foote passed by it without any opposition, the presumption is there are no fortifications, although the Memphis *Avalanche* gave a minute account of a masked battery planted there with the express intention of destroying the National gunboats.

ISLAND NO. 33, about ten miles below Plumb Point, was also abandoned last March, the guns being taken to

Fort Wright, which is three miles below it, and one mile above Fulton Landing. It is this stronghold that Com. Foote is now bombarding, Gen. Pope's army having been recalled from its co-operation to assist Gen. Halleck's demonstration against Corinth. The correspondent of the New York *World* says, in his letter from the National flotilla:

"There are, besides the main fort, some two or three outlying batteries constructed on the same bluff higher up the river. These works are the ones discovered by our gunboats in rounding the famous point which now separates us from the enemy. On nearing the locality, all that can be observed ahead of us is the wide rushing stream, now swollen to unusual dimensions, so that it is overflowing its banks, sweeping along in majesty and might. As we pass Plumb Point the second Chickasaw bluff looms up in the distance, like a low range of hills, whose blue outlines strikingly contrast with the uniformly low and flashy shores of the river which extend from Columbus down. On rounding the point, as we took occasion to do with Capt. Pike on a reconnaissance with a tug, we discover the top of the bluff cleared in places, and a few tents still standing, although their number is much diminished. With good optical aids a line of fresh excavations was to be discerned in one or two places nearer the water's edge, and something of the kind further up the hillside. These are the new and hastily constructed batteries thrown up within a few days, and are mounted with some very heavy guns. The older fort, which has been in process of construction for several months, mounts nearly seventy guns, and has a front towards the land. The river batteries extend along the base, and round the lowest end of the bluff, covering a space of more than three miles."

The correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, who dates his dispatch off Fort Wright, April 19, says: "The batteries now mount about 40 very heavy guns. They have 60 more guns which they are rapidly putting in position. Within the past few days Bragg has arrived, and succeeds Gen. Villipigne, hitherto in command. There are about 6,000 troops there. Both troops and guns are from Pensacola."

"There are but four gunboats in the river—the Mariposa, McRae, Pontchartrain and Livingston, mounting a total of 24 guns. The Ivy has gone to New Orleans with Hollins on board. The Gen. Polk is at Memphis repairing. Capt. Engee is acting Commodore in Hollins's absence."

And on the 22d the same correspondent telegraphs: "The enemy at Fort Wright are reported to have 14 gunboats off the fort, together with the ram Manassas. The latter and seven of the former arrived on Sunday. Hollins has returned from New Orleans with McRae."

FULTON LANDING AND ISLAND NO. 34 had some guns placed on them, but they were taken up to Fort Wright, to strengthen that position on the fall of Island No. 10. The next fortification therefore that the National flotilla will have to encounter is

FORT RANDOLPH.—It is said to be a formidable fortification, and is built about a mile to the north of Randolph, a post village of Tipton county, Newberne, on the east bank of the Mississippi; it is 68 miles to the north of Memphis. The fort is built upon a high bluff, called the Second Chickasaw Bluff, about 100 feet above the level of the river; it is immediately south of Island No. 34. Fort Randolph is rendered naturally strong on the land side by ravines and gorges, which can be fortified to an immense extent. The extent of its armament is unknown.

FORT PILLOW, which is the chief defence of Memphis, is situated on the bluffs, about two miles to the north of that city. Its exact strength is not known to the National authorities.

It has been admitted by the rebel papers that should the National forces succeed in capturing Forts Harriess and Pillow, there will be nothing to obstruct their progress to Vicksburg, and from thence to New Orleans, sweeping, in fact, the whole length of the Mississippi; but Mr. Russell, in his letters so long ago as last June, mentions several strong forts below Memphis, among others, of which are Forts Pickering, near Island No. 46, and Fort Adams, about 50 miles below Natchez.

FORT JACKSON is on the right or west bank of the river, immediately opposite Fort St. Philip, and 25 miles from the passes leading into the Gulf of Mexico. It is a strong casemated fort, intended to mount 150 guns, 31 barbette. It will hold 600 men.

FORT ST. PHILIP is on the east bank of the river, opposite Fort Jackson, 70 miles below New Orleans, casemated, and is intended for 140 guns. It was bombarded by the British in 1813. Its war garrison is 600 men.

FORT LIVINGSTON is on Grand Terre Island, at the mouth of Barataria Bay. It can mount 50 guns on parapet walls.

FORT PIKE is a casemated fortification, situated at the Rigolettes, or North Pass, between Lake Borgne and Lake Pontchartrain, and commands the entrance to the lake and the main channel to the Gulf in that direction.

FORT MACOMB is on the South Pass, between Lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne. Its armament is for 50 guns.

FORT DUPRE.—This is a small fort, commanding the Bayou Dupre into Lake Borgne. It is said to mount eight columbiads.

PROCTOR'S TOWER.—This is a small fortification on Lake Borgne.

BATTERY BIENVENUE is at the entrance of Bayou Bienvenue into Lake Borgne. Its armament was unknown to National authorities.

### OUR ARMY BEFORE YORKTOWN.

THE rebel entrenchments now extend across the peninsula from the mouth of Warwick River, up its west bank—thence in a north-easterly direction to York River, to Selby's Point, which is midway between Wormley's Creek and Yorktown.

There has been almost a continual exchange of shots between the National and rebel armies during the last week, with the occasional episode of a skirmish or an attempt to silence a rebel battery. The most important was that of Lee's Mills, in which the Vermont Third, Fourth and Sixth regiments behaved with great gallantry, but suffered severely—one private letter stating that more than half fell in the assault. The enemy having annoyed our troops considerably from a battery near the mill, Gen. Smith ordered part of the Third Vermont to dislodge them.

At four o'clock in the afternoon they were called up, formed into line, and told by their colonel in a pithy speech that the work expected of them was to charge across the creek and take the enemy's entrenchments. Aye's guns—all of the batteries, numbering 22 pieces, were under the command of their accomplished artillery officer—covered the Vermonters' advance. They marched steadily at the quick to the edge of the creek, and plunged in on the run. The water deepened unexpectedly. The men were soon wading to their breasts, their cartridge-boxes slung up on their shoulders and their muskets held up high. The moment they entered the stream the rebels swarmed on the edge of their rifle-pit and rained a shower of bullets on the advancing line.

The stream, as dammed, was about 12 rods wide. The Vermonters loaded and fired as they waded. Their killed and wounded began to fall from the instant of entering the water. Many of the latter were sustained by the arms and the collars of their comrades, and so helped across, and laid down on the opposite side. The Third, as soon as they emerged and got foothold, received the order to "Charge!" With a yell, with true Green Mountain ring in it, they dashed at the extended rifle-pit. At least a regiment of rebels broke from behind it, and ran into the redoubt in the rear, leaving the Vermonters in the pit.

For at least an hour they fought from here against overwhelming numbers, receiving reinforcements in that time, first of four companies of the Sixth Vermont, and afterward of four companies of the Fourth Vermont. They shot their foe principally through the head, and so superior was their fire, and their pluck so impressive, that the rebels moved two additional regiments into the fort, and into a flanking position on the left of the rifle-pit. Exposed now to a crossfire as well as to an increased fire in front, the Vermonters, though they wanted to stay, had to go. In good order, covering themselves behind trees and fighting as they went, they recrossed the stream, carrying with them all their wounded whose condition at all promised survival of their hurts.

Many were now shot in the water, and drowned beyond all possibility of help. The language of a Lamolite County boy, not 16 years old, "Why, sir, it was just like sap-boiling in that stream—the bullets fell so thick of a skirmish or an attempt to silence a rebel battery. The most important was that of Lee's Mills, in which the Vermont Third, Fourth and Sixth regiments behaved with great gallantry, but suffered severely—one private letter stating that more than half fell in the assault. The enemy having annoyed our troops considerably from a battery near the mill, Gen. Smith ordered part of the Third Vermont to dislodge them."

Thus ended this gallant but most disastrous affair. Since then there has been little doing beyond both armies strengthening their positions. On the 26th of April Gen. McClellan reports the following dashing exploit:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,  
CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT, Saturday, April 26, 1862—11 A.M.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War.  
Early this morning an advanced lunette of the rebels on this side of the Warwick, near its head, was carried by assault by Company H, First Massachusetts Regiment. The work has a ditch six feet deep, with a strong parapet, and was manned by two companies of infantry—no artillery.

Our men moved over open, soft ground some six hundred yards, received the fire of the rebels at fifty yards, did not return it, but rushed over the ditch and parapet in the most gallant manner. The rebels broke and ran as soon as they saw that our men intended to cross the parapet.

Our loss was three killed and one mortally wounded, and twelve otherwise wounded. We took fourteen prisoners, destroyed the work sufficiently to render it useless, and retired.

The operation was conducted by Gen. C. Grover, who managed the affair most handsomely. Nothing could have been better than the conduct of all the men under fire.

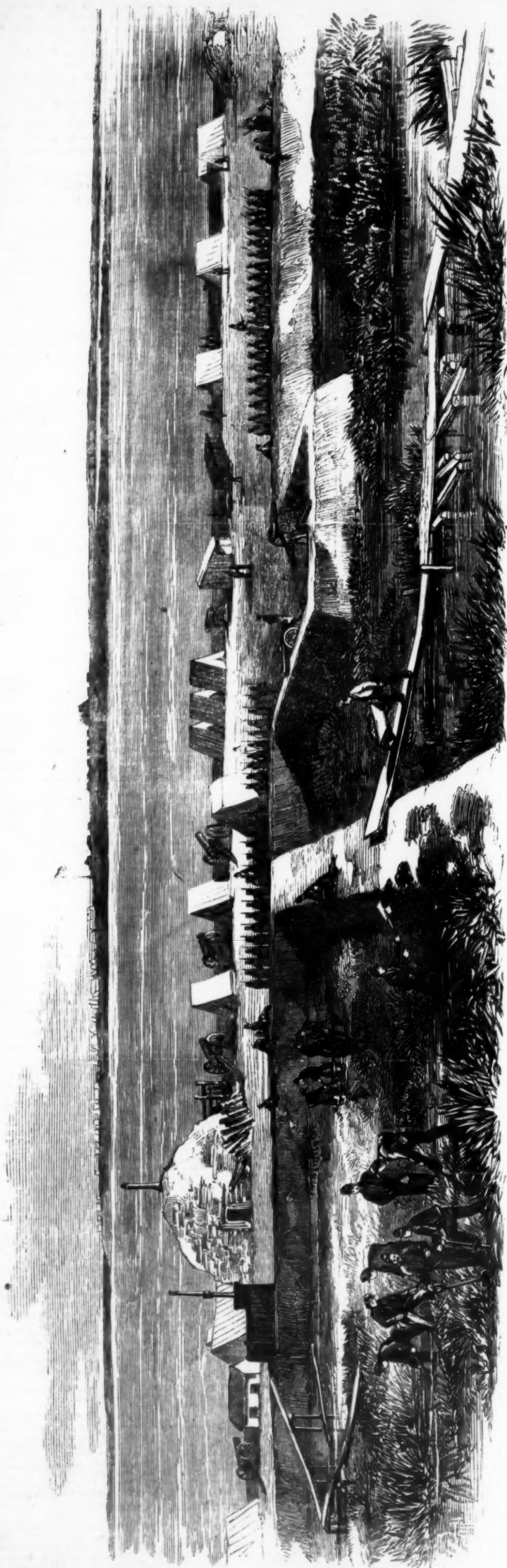
The supports, who were also under artillery fire of other works, were companies of the First and Eleventh Massachusetts.

In spite of the rain our work progresses well.

G. B. McCLELLAN, Maj.-Gen.  
Within the last 48 hours Gen. — has advanced his pickets within 15 rods of the enemy's picket lines in front of Yorktown. Between the two lines of these two armies runs a deep ravine, the lower border of which is skirted by a dense wood, and concealed in this are our pickets. On Monday our pickets distinctly heard a rebel officer command his men not to fire upon our men with their muskets except in case of an attempt to cross the ravine. So near are our men to the rebel pickets that almost every word spoken by the latter is plainly audible to us.

COM. JOHN L. WORDEN is slowly recovering from the injuries he received during the fight with the Merrimac. A letter from one of his friends, who is with him, says: "Worden is getting on, and is regaining his strength; whether he will recover his sight or not remains (by him) to be seen." Several of Worden's friends in this city, in view of the fact that he may be obliged to retire from active service in the navy, are subscribing money towards the purchase of a farm and homestead for him.





THE WAR IN GEORGIA.—FORT PULASKI AND SAVANNAH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CHASE.—SEE PAGE 46.



GEN. JOHN POPE, COMMANDER OF THE NATIONAL LAND FORCES ON THE MISSISSIPPI. SEE PAGE 41.

#### CHAUNCEY LARKIN, THE FAMOUS CONFIDENCE MAN.

CENTRAL DEPARTMENT OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE  
413 BROOME STREET, CORNER OF ELM,  
OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE,  
NEW YORK, April 4, 1862.

FRANK LESLIE—DEAR SIR: Will you please publish in your widely circulated Illustrated Paper, for the benefit of the great American public whom you serve so well, the accompanying



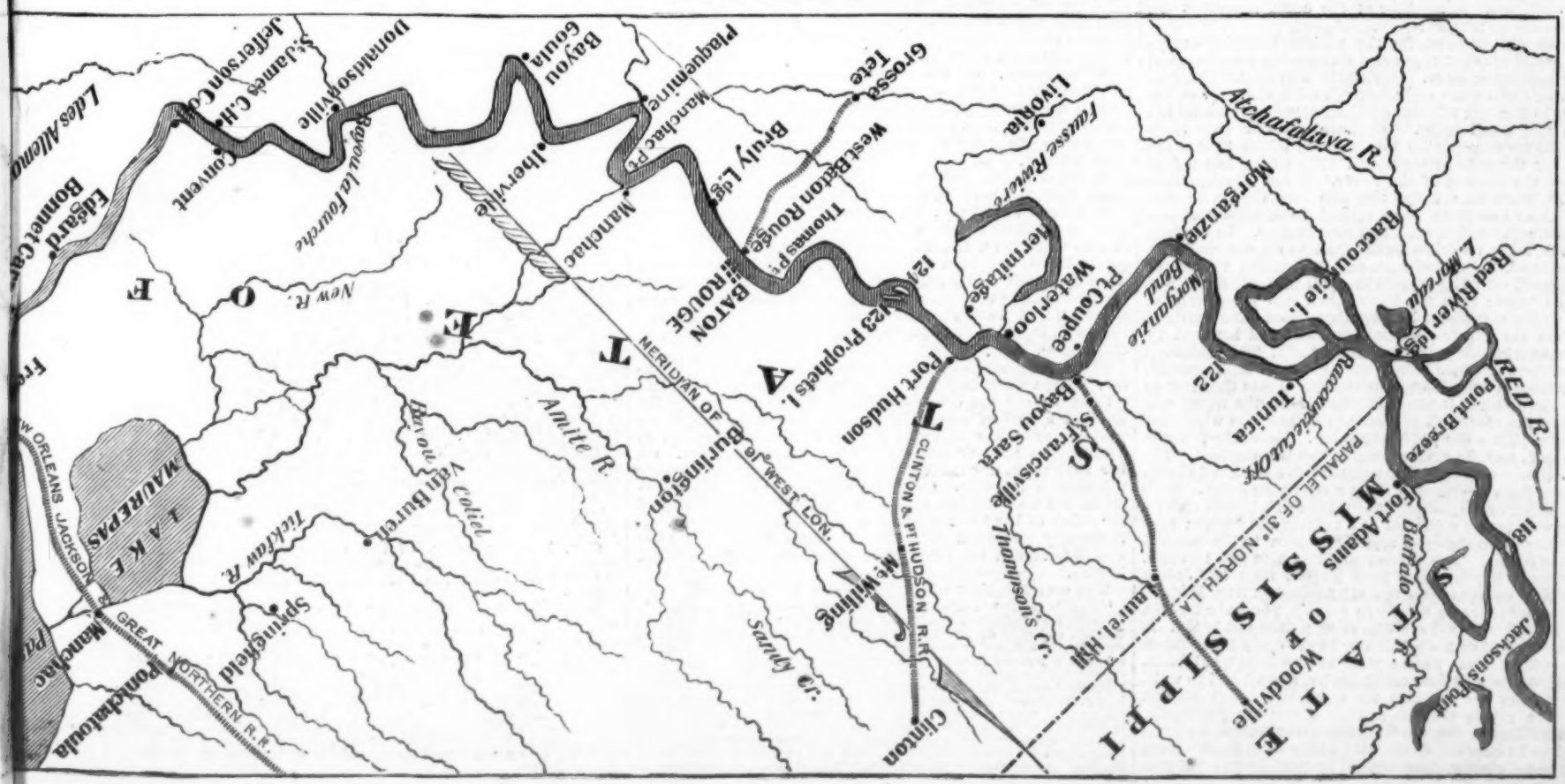
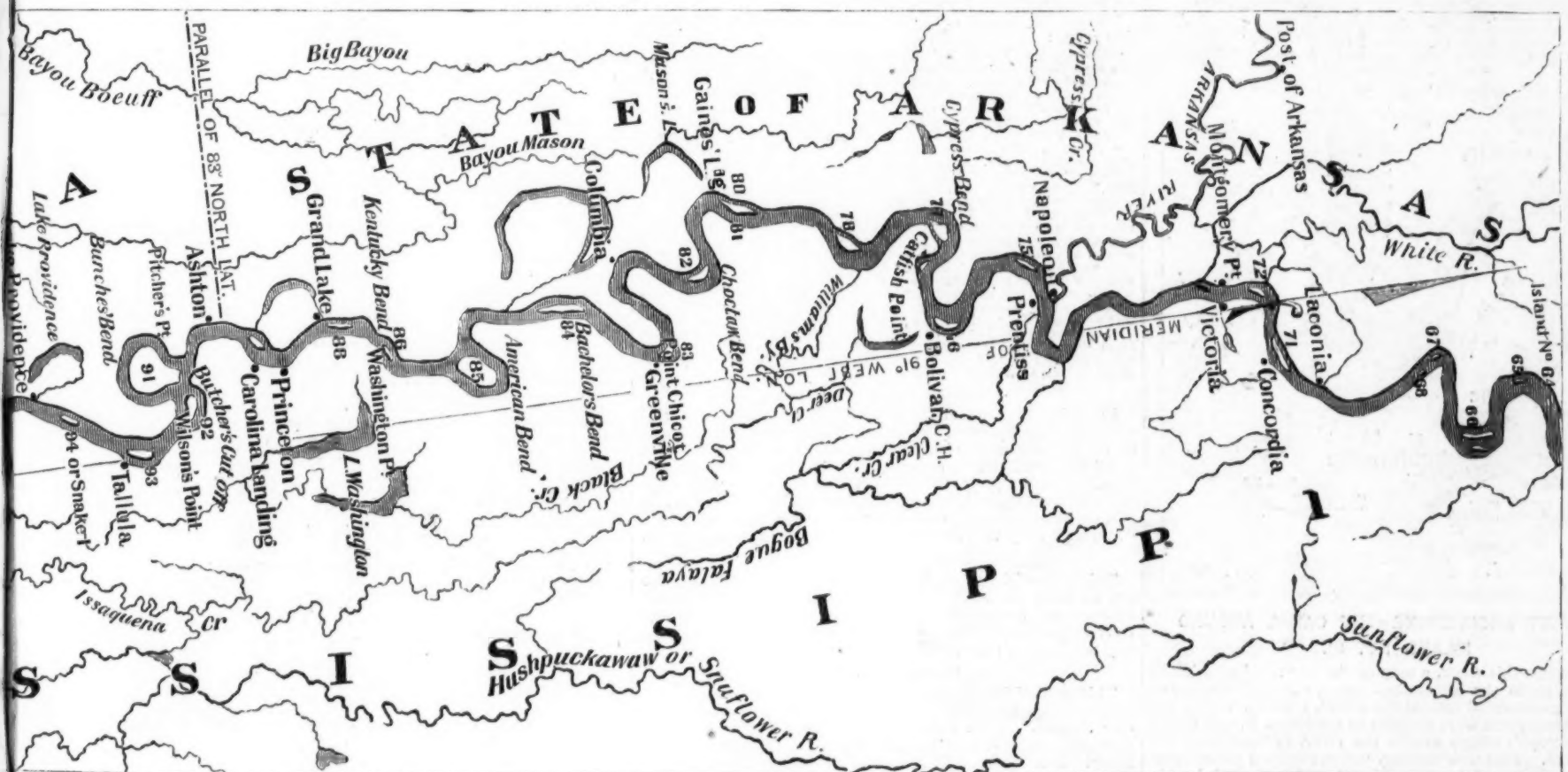
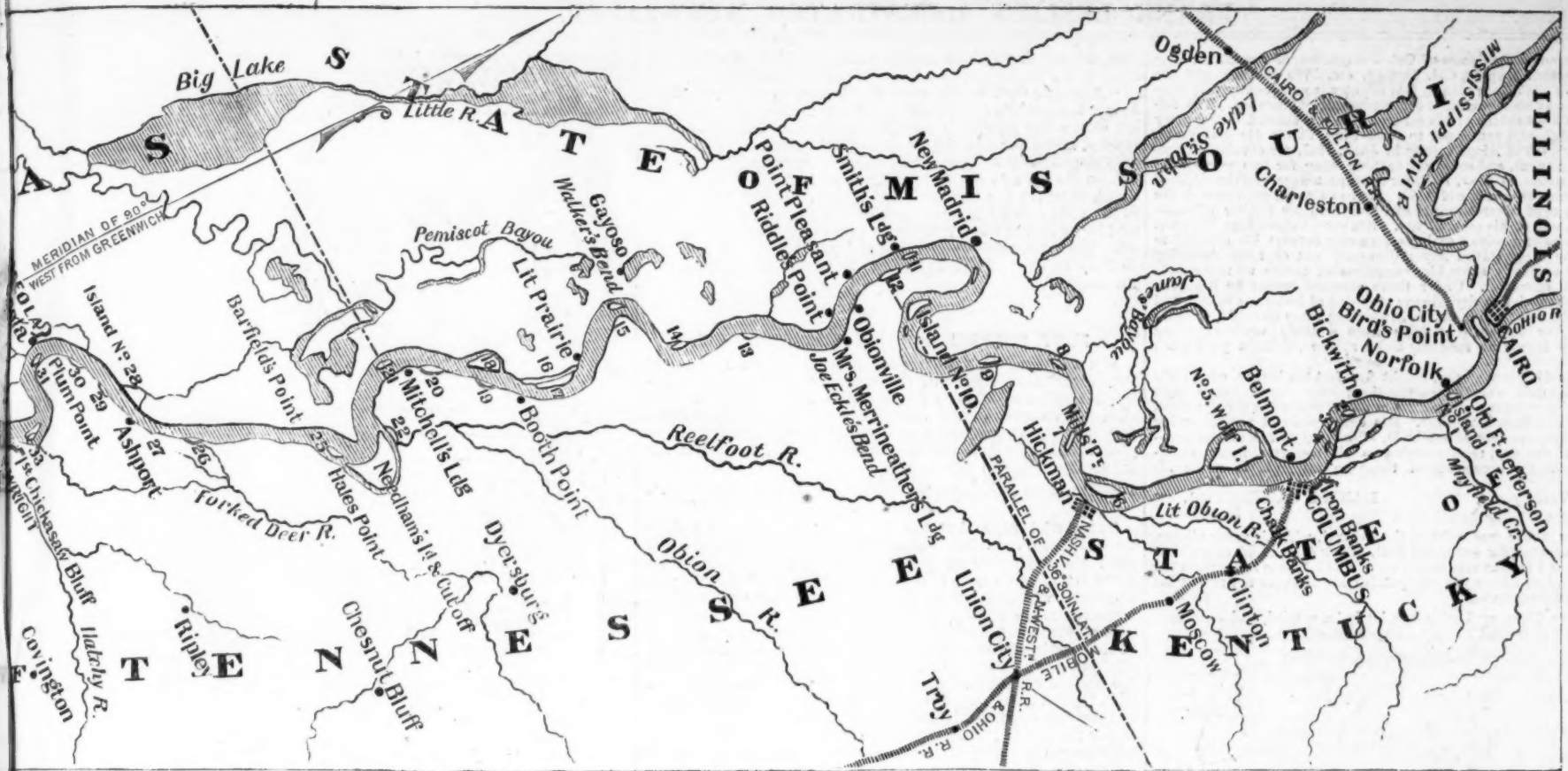
HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. POPE, AT NEW MADRID, DURING THE SIEGE OF ISLAND NO. 10.—SEE PAGE 42.

likeness of Chauncey Larkin, with innumerable aliases, viz., Capt. Perry (son of the hero of Lake Erie), Merriam C. Fillmore, George Washington, Col. Taylor, etc. These are names he assumed at a former period. He has recently been figuring in Philadelphia, New York, New Haven and Boston, and probably in other cities South and West. In the last named city he was arrested, and brought on here to answer to a charge of swindling. In his recent opera-



CHAUNCEY LARKIN, THE FAMOUS CONFIDENCE MAN.





FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.



tions he assumed the names of Col. Governors, of Frankfort, Ky.; Col. Porter, Col. Dupont, Col. Dudley, etc. We consider him the *ne plus ultra* confidence man in this country, consequently very dangerous to be at liberty without being generally shown up. The following is a brief sketch of his career: He was convicted of forgery in April, 1843, and sentenced to Sing Sing Prison for four years. Again convicted in Kings county in June, 1847, for obtaining goods by false pretences, and sent back to Sing Sing for two years; and again convicted in May, 1853, for false pretences, and imprisoned for three years with a fine of \$250. He has also served a term in the State Prisons of Massachusetts and Maryland for similar offences. Such are some of his antecedents. His recent operations have not been upon so extensive a scale as formerly (except his attempt to swindle the New Haven Arms Company out of 1,000 repeating rifles), but evidently show his determination to live up to his well-established character. Under these assumed names he has been travelling from city to city, always stopping at first-class hotels, and making a dash for a day or two, swindling some jeweller or other tradesman, or borrowing a trifle from a newly made confiding friend. He leaves as suddenly as he appears, without paying his bill.

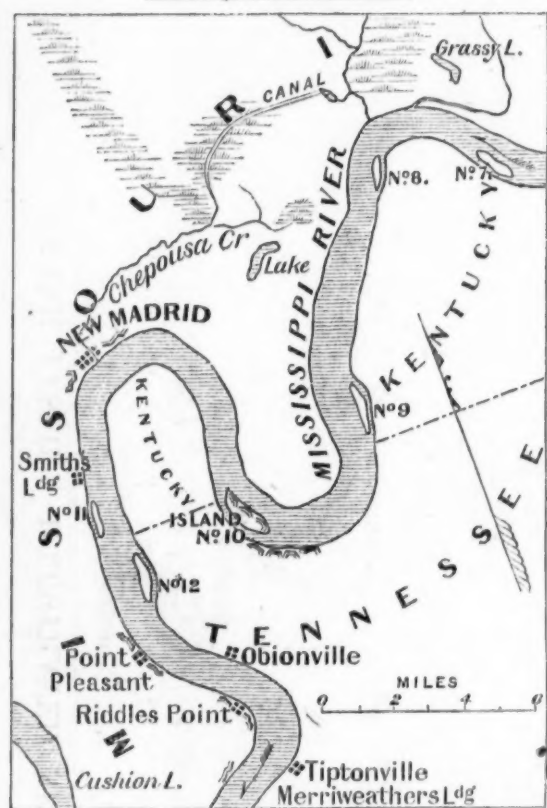
Larkin is 41 years of age, height five feet ten inches, compactly built; dark, dull, swarthy complexion; high cheek bones, with deep lines running from cheek bones down under his throat; black glossy hair and dark hazel eyes. His conversational powers (being well educated) are very great; he is, in fact, *au fait* in all the general topics of the day, most pleasing in his manners, hence calculated to gain the confidence of those he attempts to make his victims.

Truly yours,

DANIEL CARPENTER,  
Inspector.

Since the above was written, the Colonel, with his many aliases, has been arrested for swindling Ball, Black & Co., and committed for trial; but I fear he may be acquitted and let loose again upon the public, therefore I hope you will publish his likeness to prevent his further confidence games.

The above Chauncey Larkin has lately been tried, and sentenced to undergo 5 years and 2 months imprisonment.



MILITARY ENGINEERING—THE CANAL AROUND ISLAND NO. 10.

We present, this week, a map of the late rebel position at Island No. 10, in the Mississippi river, showing the line of the canal constructed around the island, through which the National transports were enabled to get below it, and transport Gen. Pope's troops across the river, to the rear of the rebel works. This undertaking, which resulted so successfully, was conceived by Col. Bissell and executed by his corps of engineers. A member of the corps describes the *modus operandi* as follows:

"Tools we did not need, for the regiment carries everything, from the heaviest ropes and screws down to fine steel drills for unsinking guns. Our route was about 12 miles long, of which two miles were through thick timber, and the remaining 10 through narrow, crooked bayous grown up full of brush and small trees. We have cut our way right through, the track being 50 feet wide, in which 30 feet are required for the hulls of the boats. The timber is cut four feet below the surface of the water. In one short stretch we cut 75 trees thus deep, not one less than two feet through. The machines were rigged from rafts and our lowest flats, and worked each by about 20 men. In the first place, three large launches went ahead to cut out and push out of the track the underbrush and driftwood; then three rafts followed, on which were the men, who cut down and cut off the trees; then the saws; then two large barges; then one of the steamboats. Very large lines were provided to run from the capstan of the steamboat and haul out by snatchblocks what the men could not handle. Then followed the rest of the fleet, men being engaged all the time converting the flatboats into floating batteries. From the river to the levee the distance is about 500 feet; here the water was shallow and the route full of stumps; it took one whole day to pass this. Then the cut in the levee. Here the fall was over two feet, and the rush of water was tremendous. The largest boat was dropped through with five lines out ahead. Then a corn field, overflowed from a cut in the levee. Here was something of a channel cut by the swift water, and we got along well nearly a quarter of a mile, to the woods; here was the labor—two straight and long miles to the nearest point in the bayou. This it took eight days to get through. Then Wilson's Bayou, then East Bayou, then St. John's Bayou, which empties into the Mississippi at New Madrid. If you have never seen a Southern swamp, you have no idea how thick it is; a New-York elm swamp does not begin. It sometimes took 20 men a whole day to get out a half-sunken tree across the bayou. Such a place as that kept us all back, as none of the rafts or flats could get by, and all had to wait. The water, after we got into the wood, was about six feet deep, with a gentle current setting across the peninsula. In the East Bayou the current was tremendous, and the boats had to be checked down with heavy head lines. Here we found some obstructions, caused by drift heaps; but cut-

ting off one or two logs would start all down the current. This is the hardest job I have ever seen undertaken.

"A simple device was adopted for sawing off the stumps below the surface of the water. After the tree was chopped off above the water, an upright plank was fastened to the stump, and near the upper end of this plank a light frame was attached by a pivot. The sides of this frame consisted of two diverging rods extending down into the water to the depth at which the stump was to be cut. To the lower ends of the rods a saw blade was attached in a horizontal position, and by swinging the frame on its pivot the stump was sawed off. The saw, being limber, sagged sufficiently in the middle to form an arch of the circle described by the oscillation of the frame."

#### FORT PULASKI AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

We continue in the present number of our Illustrated Paper our illustrations of the war in Georgia, which has lately reached a point by the capture of Fort Pulaski. The sketches we gave in the supplement to our last issue illustrated the bombardment and the capture of that important place. We now give some most interesting pictures of the subsequent events:

#### Rebel Officers surrendering their Swords to Gen. Hunter's Adjutant.

Our Artist says that the rebel officers giving up their swords was a most interesting scene. It took place the day after the surrender of the fort, and was conducted with great courtesy on both sides. As we have already said, Col. Olmstead was so much of the gentleman, and in manner and appearance had so little of the rebel and the braggart in him, that a spontaneous sympathy seemed to spring up for him in the hearts of the Union officers, without in the least diminishing their hatred of his cause. Mr. Crane has chosen the instant when he is delivering his sword to Major Halpine, Gen. Hunter's Assistant Adjutant-General. Our Artist wishes to take this opportunity to express his acknowledgments to Major Halpine for many courtesies, and we cheerfully comply with his request. Major Halpine is well known to the *Illustrated* of New York as an excellent writer. He was for some time connected with the *Leader* of this city.

The correspondent of the New York *Times* thus describes this scene:

"The terms of the capitulation having been settled, Gen. Gilmore was shown over the fort by the Colonel, and then took his leave, accompanied by Col. Rust. Messengers from Gen. Hunter had meantime arrived. These, together with Gen. Gilmore's Aid, made the rounds of the fort under the escort of Col. Olmstead, who introduced us to his officers, and were the only persons present when the swords were delivered. Major Halpine, as the representative of Gen. Hunter, received the weapons. The ceremony was performed in the Colonel's headquarters, all standing. It was just at dark, and the candles gave only a half-light; the weapons were laid on a table, each officer advancing in turn, a cording to his rank, and mentioning his name and title; nearly every one added some remark; the Colonel's was dignified: 'I yield my sword, but I trust I have not disgraced it.' Some of the others were not equally felicitous. Major Halpine, in reply, spoke gracefully of the painfulness of the duty he had been called upon to perform—to receive the swords of men who had shown by their bravery that they deserved to wear them. The scene was touching, for however unrighteous the cause in which these men had been engaged, they thought it was their country's, and they had risked their lives for it. The condition of the fort showed that they were brave; and, indeed, was the best justification of their defeat. As soon as the surrender was complete, Col. Olmstead turned to his officers and began making some remarks to them, upon which his captors withdrew. The American flag was then raised on the ramparts, and Pulaski became again part of the possessions, as well as of the property, of the Union."

#### Interior of a Casemate.

In order to give an idea of the immense weight and efficacy of the National batteries, Mr. Crane made a sketch of the interior of the casemate situated on the south-east angle of Fort Pulaski, showing the enormous breach made in it by James's projectiles, which have the great advantage of being equally destructive, whether fired from the Parrott gun or rifled cannon. Of course nothing could stand such a "storm of fire," and the enemy were compelled to surrender.

#### Battery Hamilton.

This powerful battery is situated on Bird Island, and was one of those built to cut off all communication between the beleaguered fortresses and Savannah. The surrender of Fort Pulaski enables us to present it to the public without any detriment to the public service.

#### Battery Lincoln.

This powerful and most effective battery was one of the 11 formed on Tybee Island for the reduction of Fort Pulaski. Our Artist's sketch renders further description needless. It was casemated, and armed with three eight-inch columbiads. It was scarcely touched by the enemy's fire.

#### Interior of Fort Pulaski after the Bombardment.

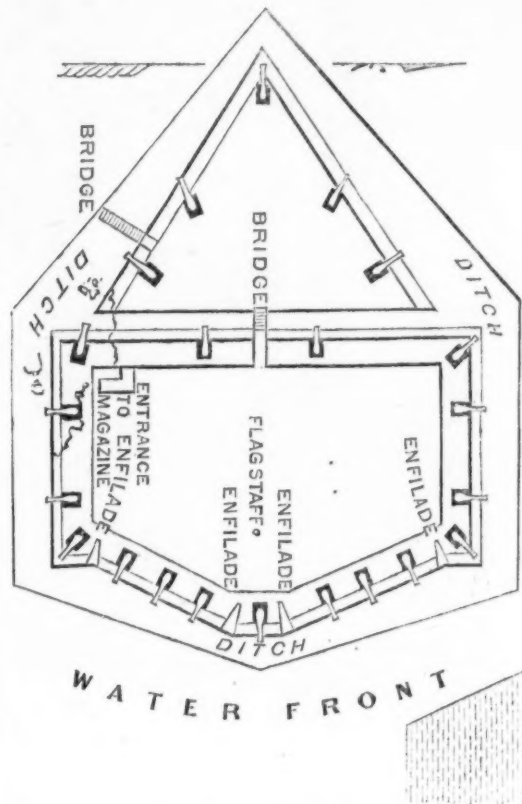
Our illustration of the interior of the Fort, taken the day after its reoccupation by the Federal authorities, is not only interesting as a picture, but especially valuable as a philosophical lesson. On the 2d of January, 1861, the traitor Governor of Georgia seized the property he had sworn to defend for the republic of which he formed a constituent part, and in May, Dr. Russell, the London *Times* correspondent, with a gay party of Georgians, numbering among them Com. Tatnall, went down to see the stolen property. For 15 months it remained in the rebel hands. On the 10th of April, 1862, the insulted Government demanded its restoration, which was refused. The National batteries immediately commenced their chastening and reclaiming operations, and at two o'clock on the afternoon of the next day the vanquished but, we fear, still impudent rebel delivered up what he had so vainly tried to retain. As though to render the lesson more emphatic, it was just one year from the day on which that bombastic bombardier, Brigadier Beauregard, had, with the aid of 7,000 men, compelled 73 to surrender at Charleston.

The reader will observe that, in order to protect themselves from the tremendous volley of shells that rained like a tempest into the doomed fort, the rebels were compelled to erect a sort of screen by placing boards in a slanting position, and then throwing a quantity of earth against it. This shows how accurate and terrible our fire was. On the first page, our readers will find a sketch of one of these remarkable missiles. Our Artist reports that they penetrated the wall like an augur, and then bursting, scattered the debris of the broken brick, in dust, in all directions. It frequently happened that two or three shots, one after another, struck the same spot, soon making the desired breach.

#### The Correspondent of the New York Times says:

"On this day clouds of red dust were seen to rise more frequently from the fort, indicating that the brickwork of which it is constructed was hit, and after a while the great breach became so large that the propriety of a storming party was discussed. The lower part of the aperture was partly filled by the debris that fell from above; the arch of the casemate was not only laid bare, but evidently shaken, and a gun in barbette, immediately over the breach, was tottering and ready to tumble below. The breach by its side was also momentarily becoming wider, and just as Gen. Benham was questioning whether a messenger should not be sent to demand even the surrender before risking so great a loss of human life as must have been incurred in an assault, the rebel flag in old Pulaski was lowered half way, and a final gun fired from a casemate in the fort. As the flag was not completely hauled down, uncertainty was

felt on our side for a moment, but all firing ordered at once to cease. In a moment more the white flag was raised, and amid cheer after cheer, all along the batteries on Tybee, down came the Stars and Bars. It was the 11th of April, a year to a day from that time when the Stars and Stripes were first dishonored by Americans."



#### THE PARROTT GUN.

On our first page we give a most exact picture of one of those famous guns, which have rendered such efficient service in the recent bombardment of Fort Pulaski. From these "jaws of death" were hurled those irresistible missiles known as the "James Projectiles," the effects of which our last number, as well as the present, so perfectly illustrates. A writer in the New York *Times* says of these projectiles:

The real reason of the great value of these elongated projectiles is their great momentum, concentrated upon a smaller surface of resistance. Momentum is the product of velocity multiplied by weight; so that shot weighing 100 pounds, moving at the rate of 700 feet a second, has a greater momentum, and is as destructive, as one weighing 50 pounds, moving 1,400 feet a second. But a long shot weighs about twice as much as a round one of the same diameter, and it is driven about nine-tenths as rapidly, therefore its momentum is greater than that of a round shot in the ratio of 18 to 10. And then its momentum, when it strikes, is concentrated upon a smaller area than the same amount would be if carried in a round shot, and therefore is more destructive. Thus, if the momentum of a 100 pound shot were all in an inch diameter bolt, it would go through any fort at the first fire if the metal did not crush; but if the same momentum were spread over a surface of 10 square feet (as it might be in an iron plate), it would be perfectly harmless against stone walls. Whitworth's bolts in England are made upon this principle, and are very effective against iron plates or stone work.

Rifling a gun does not increase velocity, but diminishes it; its value is that it keeps the projectile "end on" in its flight. A long shot without rifling would fly wild, like a clam-shell "shyed" by a schoolboy from the Free Academy, and of course would lose its velocity and its direction, and be useless.

Gen. James has succeeded in imparting the momentum and rotation to these heavy projectiles by the use of the principle of expanding a flexible packing into the grooves of the gun, and so shutting off all windage, and therefore his projectiles are immensely effective with small charges of powder. All rifled projectiles now made in this country, which are good, I believe are on this principle, although none of them, in my opinion, attain the same perfection that the original inventor does in his, but all derive their value from his principle. The French rifled guns are upon a different principle, and are very inferior in execution, and very much more dangerous than those made on Gen. James's plan. And the same remark is true of Armstrong's and Whitworth's guns, which must be specially made for their projectiles, whereas Gen. James's projectiles can be used in any gun without straining it as much as a round shot would do.

#### OBITUARY.

ADMIRAL SIR JAMES C. ROSS, celebrated as an Arctic explorer, died at Aylesbury, England, on the 3d of April. He was born in 1800; entered the British navy in 1812; became Rear-Admiral of the White in 1858; served in all the naval expeditions for the discovery of the North-west Passage, from 1818 to 1838; discovered and planted the British flag on the North Magnetic Pole, in 1831; crossed the Atlantic to relieve the frozen whalers in Baffin's Bay, in 1856; commanded the expedition to the Antarctic regions, from 1839 to 1843; attained the highest latitude ever yet reached (78 degrees 10 seconds), and approached within 160 miles of the South Magnetic Pole.

MAJOR TALBOT, one of the heroes of Fort Sumter, died in Washington City, April 23d, aged about 38. After the fall of Sumter, Talbot, who was then a 1st-Lieutenant of the regular army, was promoted to a Major. He was a gallant officer, a genial gentleman and a scholar. Talbot's health was seriously injured while on duty at Fort Sumter, and he never afterwards recovered.

BRIG.-GEN. C. F. SMITH, of the United States Army, died at Savannah, Tennessee, on the 26th of April, of dysentery. He was born in Philadelphia, and graduated from West Point in 1825 as brevet 2d-Lieutenant of Artillery. He held successively several responsible positions in the Military Academy up to the year 1842. In the Mexican war he held the rank of Captain. He was distinguished in the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Contreras, and Churubusco, being breveted for each, the last brevet being that of Colonel. In 1854, he received regular promotion as Major of the First Artillery, and in 1855 was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Tenth Infantry, which rank he held up to last year. At the beginning of the war, he received a commission as Brigadier-General, and was assigned to the command of the forces at Paducah, Ky. He led his splendid command from there to Fort Donelson, where he led the successful charge on the rebel fortifications. When the army moved up the Tennessee, he accompanied it, and for a time was in chief command. His health, however, became bad, and at last he sank so low that he was unable to take the field at the battle of Pittsburg. The country and the army suffer a great and deplorable loss in the death of this truly gallant and distinguished soldier.

COL. NATHAN LORD, of the Vermont Sixth, which so greatly distinguished itself, with the other Vermont regiments, in the late affair at Yorktown, is a son of President Lord, of Dartmouth College.

MISS SARA STEVENS, one of the most acceptable of our young comediennes, has gone to London, to join the company of Mr. Bourcicault.

HON. L. P. HARVEY, Gov. of Wisconsin, who had gone to Pittsburg Landing immediately after the terrible conflict there, with nurses and other necessities for the wounded, and to see to the interment of the gallant dead from his State who had fallen in that battle, was drowned April 20th, at Cairo. In passing from one steamer to another he missed his footing, and was precipitated into the water and sunk to rise no more in life. This information has created a feeling of universal gloom and regret among citizens of his State and Western men generally.



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